HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. III.—No. 144.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE LAST WORDS OF JUGGLING JERRY.

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes:
  By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies:
  My next leaf 'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying:
  Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all 's been spying
  Long to have me, and has me now.

We've traveled times to this old common:
  Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
  You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
  Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll miss us at our stations:
  There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
  Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
It's easy to think that grieving's folly,
  When the hand's firm as driven stakes.
Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
  Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:
  Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
  I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I juggle the bale off the wicket?
  Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house. I know 'em!
  They're old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe 'em:
  Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:
  Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
  But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
  Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
  Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

JUGGLING JERRY.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder:
  Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder:
  That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor:
  Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
  Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
  Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:
  Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
  Think more kindly of the race:
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
  When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal:
  Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
  You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
  All night we kissed—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
  Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

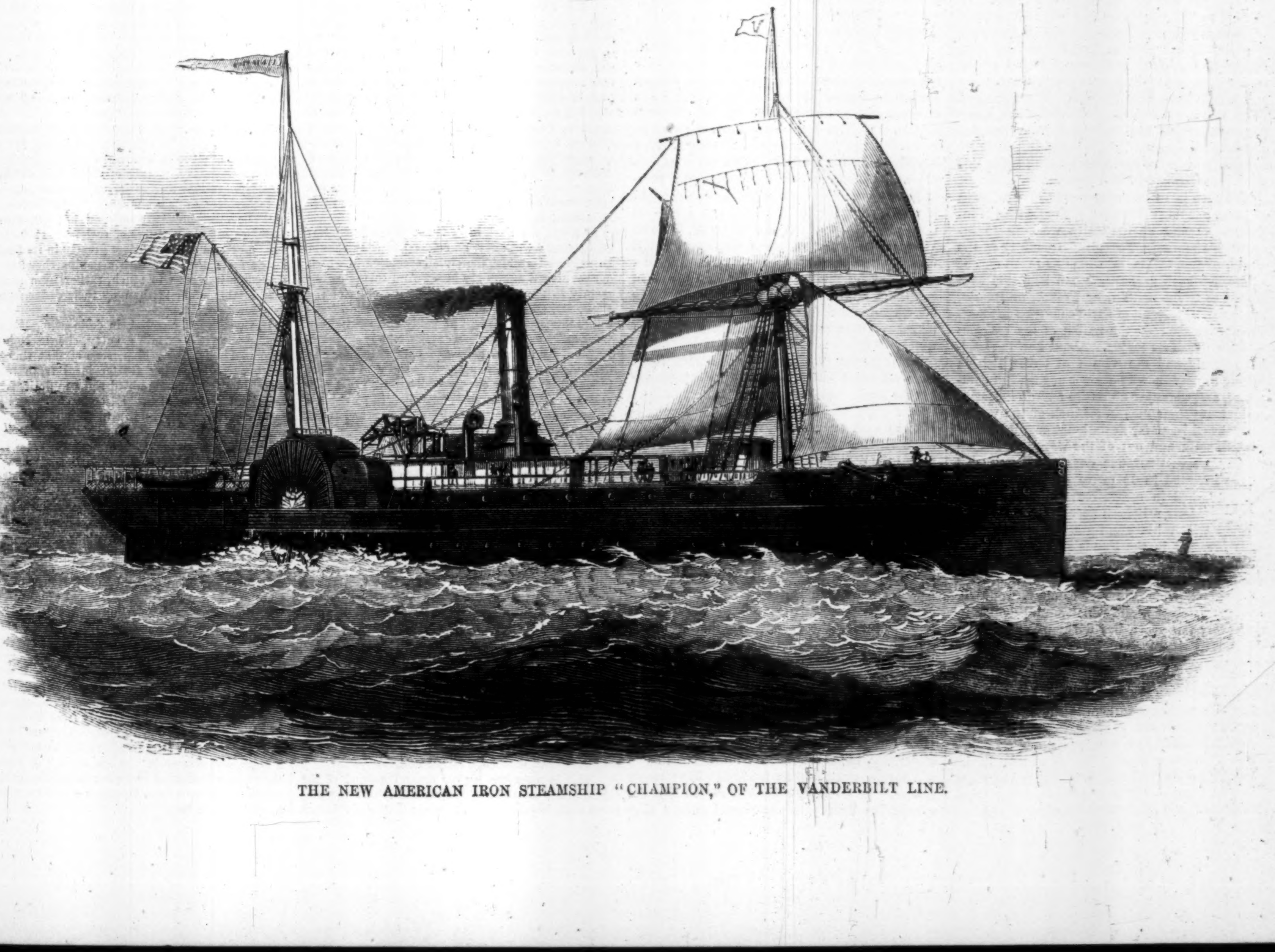
It's past parsons to console us:
  No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
  Two of a trade, lass, never agree.
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely,
  Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly:
  Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
  Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:
  You sha'n't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
  Duke might kneel to call you Cook:
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
  But old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
  Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
  Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
Maybe—for none see in that black hollow—
  It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
  It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
  Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
  Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it:
  All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
  But He is by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
  Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
  Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.



THE NEW AMERICAN IRON STEAMSHIP "CHAMPION," OF THE VANDERBILT LINE.

Crack! went a gun: one fell: the second
Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck:
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd:
Give me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck!

THE STEAMSHIP "CHAMPION."

We engrave on the preceding page the new iron steamship *Champion*, of the Vanderbilt Line. She has just been built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, and is, we believe, the largest iron steamship ever constructed on this side the Atlantic. Her length is 250 feet; breadth of beam, 35; depth of hold, 26; her burden, by carpenters' measurement, 1850 tons. She has 96 state-rooms in the main cabins, and contains sleeping accommodations for 388 cabin and 350 steerage passengers—total, 738 souls. She can carry 400 tons of freight, besides fuel room for 20 days' consumption. She is a side-wheel steamer; has two beam engines, each 44 inch diameter of piston, and 10 feet length of stroke.

We have been unable to ascertain the cost of the *Champion*, as she is not yet quite finished, and her owner has not closed the construction account.

As the first iron sea-going steamer of the first-class ever built in this country she deserves general attention, and, if successful, general imitation by the ship-builders.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 1, 1859.

THE PROSPECT.

The imports of the current fiscal year are estimated by the Treasury Department at $390,000,000, about $30,000,000 more than those of the most active commercial year this country has ever known. On the other hand, it is known that the wheat crop this year is the largest ever grown; the cotton crop, it is estimated, will amount to four million bales. Taking every thing into consideration, and bearing in mind that imports are always proportioned to exports, it is quite likely that the foreign trade of the United States this fiscal year may in fact amount to about $400,000,000 each way—that is to say, $400,000,000 exported in cotton, gold, breadstuffs, provisions, rice, oil, tobacco, manufactures, etc., etc., and $400,000,000 imported in sugars, dry goods, teas, coffee, hides, and manufactures, and foreign produce of various kinds.

This is not as large a trade as that of Great Britain or France, both of which countries import and export about one quarter more than the amount above mentioned. But it is the largest business ever done by the United States; and considering that the bulk of our foreign trade is carried on with nations at great distances, and that our immediate neighbors are not actively commercial, it is a very large trade indeed.

There are reasons why our trade should be large, and our prosperity steadily on the increase. We are not given, in this journal, to indulge in the "spread-eagle vein;" the brag business is so generally understood, and so popular among our people, that the best office a widely-read journal can render is, to check rather than to encourage the national tendency to brag, and boast, and inflate. But there can be no harm, at the present time, when so many people have but half-recovered from the depressing influence of the crisis of 1857, in drawing attention to a few facts bearing upon this great question of national growth.

We have in this country twenty-five millions of white people, every man among whom is industriously and energetically working to increase his means. There is no country in the world, except China, of which as much can be said. No such proposition can be stated with regard to Great Britain, or France, or Russia, for instance. In all of these countries inequality of rank deprives the nation of the energies of a portion of its people. About half the landed property and the wealth of Great Britain belong to persons who are not engaged in commerce, and who have no desire and no incentive to increase their means. Much of the wealth thus owned is, so far as national growth is concerned, sunk and out of the way. A British nobleman's vast revenue does not fructify; it is not invested in lucrative enterprises; it is not embarked in commerce; it does not increase. Many a British peer has precisely the income which his great-grandfather enjoyed. It is invested in the Funds and in land; and its owner, having as much as he wants, seeks not to augment it. Hence an immense amount of property, which, in this country, would be usefully employed, and which would double itself every few years, lies dormant and useless in Great Britain. The same thing is true of Russia and of France, though the present Emperor of the French has certainly achieved wonders in opening the locks of the safes of rich men, and persuading them to sow their money for future harvests.

In this country no man is idle, and no man's money lies dormant. The richest man in the United States, William B. Astor, works eight or nine hours a day in making money. Commodore Vanderbilt is ever foremost in employing his money so as to generate money. Stephen B. Whitney slaves to increase his money. So do many other millionaires we could mention. Shallow observers accuse these men of avarice; the fact is that they are patriots. If they ceased working, and withdrew their means from general use, they would be drones.

Passing again to lower strata of the social formation, every man in this country is encouraged, tempted, forced to try to better his condition. In Europe the theory is, that men should try to maintain themselves where they are. A Manchester weaver is the son and grandson of weavers, and will bring up his son to weave at the wages he gets. The Norman farmer works the farm which for generations has been in his family; esteemed a wise and prudent man if, in old age, he has held his ground, and is as rich as father and grandfather were before him. Moreover, a vast amount of virile energy in these European countries is diverted into useless channels—the army, the work-house, the navy, and so forth. There are of course exceptions to the rule we are trying to lay down; men of true worth will make their way in any country; but the fact is, nevertheless, that a far greater proportion of young men without means become independent and enterprising citizens here than abroad. This is partly due to the unbounded quantity of fertile, cheap land here; partly to the fact that our laws encourage trade and enterprise, while many foreign laws impede both; partly to the natural energy of our people; partly to the fact that immigration brings us many valuable heads and hands from abroad. These causes render most young Americans independent citizens at forty; while the same men, in England or France, might, after the same experience, be mere soldiers or sailors, or, at best, as well off as their fathers were before them. We speak of course of men in masses, and of averages.

These two facts—to say nothing of the regular increase of wealth which springs from immigration—insure for this country an ever-increasing prosperity if political strifes do not disturb our commerce, and oblige us to embark in wars with each other. Twenty-five millions of industrious, energetic white men, every one of whom is trying to grow rich, and is using his faculties and means sedulously to that end, must constitute a prodigiously prosperous community—a nation which, compared with the nations of Europe, must rise to a surpassing height of power, wealth, and greatness.

SCIENTIFIC MILE-STONES.

In an early number of *Harper's Magazine* there was published an article on various scientific phenomena, among which the singular appearance commonly known by the name of the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, was incidentally mentioned. It was stated in the article, and with perfect truth, that scientific men were at a loss to account for that splendid phenomenon, some ascribing it to electrical agency, others to the reflection of masses of polar ice, others to other and less plausible causes.

During the first week in the present month of September one of the finest auroras ever witnessed by human eye was seen on several successive nights. It was not confined to any locality. It was watched by admiring crowds in Canada, from Quebec to Fort-William on Lake Superior; in Maine and throughout New England; on the Hudson and on the Mississippi; at Washington and at Charleston; nearly in mid ocean by a ship whose mate thought it worth recording in the log; and even—as the English papers tell us—in Great Britain. Whencesoever the gorgeous display came, it was visible over an area extending at least from the Rocky Mountains to the German Ocean in longitude, and probably over an area extending more than two thousand miles in latitude. It may have been visible throughout the zone in which we live.

The exceeding brilliancy of this aurora would have attracted less attention to its appearance but for its singular effect on the telegraph lines which cover the Northern States. Throughout the area on which it was visible it interfered with telegraphic communication. In some places the operators found it impossible to send messages to their nearest neighbors. In others, the interruption was only temporary, and after a brief interval they were enabled to renew the working of their lines. In one or two, the operators, finding the wires charged with electricity from outside, disconnected their batteries, and sent messages by the aid of what we must call, for want of a better name, the "Auroral Fluid."

This settles the question of the nature of the aurora borealis. It is clearly electrical. Henceforth no one can be excused if he talk about the reflection from the polar seas of ice. We have practical evidence that the aurora is, or contains, the electrical fluid.

We call this a mile-stone in electrical science. How the air comes to be charged with fluid electricity, in the manner and form exhibited by the aurora, our scientific teachers will presently tell us. It is enough for one month that the aurora has been properly classed among electrical phenomena. Whence it arises—how it develops itself—whether if at all it can ever be turned to profitable account: these are questions which time will solve.

THE LOUNGER.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

During ten years before his death, Downing, our rural regenerator, was occasionally and forcibly suggesting the importance of a public park for the city of New York. At length, in the summer of 1851, Mayor Kingsland proposed it in a message to the Common Council, and suggested that it should consist of one hundred and sixty acres. In August of the same year Downing, in his *Horticulturist*, made this proposition the text of one of his most admirable papers, in which he thanked the Mayor, but showed that the proposed extent of the park was altogether too limited for a city of the size and rate of growth of New York, and called attention to the relative areas of the chief foreign parks. London, he said, devotes six thousand acres, "either within its limits or its accessible suburbs, to the enjoyment of its population." Versailles has three thousand acres; Munich has its "English garden" of five hundred acres; while the Prater, at Vienna, has about fifteen hundred; the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, twenty-one hundred; the Phenix Park, in Dublin, two thousand; Birkenhead Park, near Liverpool, about five hundred; the Thiergarten, at Berlin, two hundred; and almost every considerable city or town in Europe has its accessible, lively, and thronged rural resort.

Downing suggested five hundred acres as the least with which New York should be content; and with a fine prescience of the fact, says: "In its midst would be located the great distributing reservoirs of the Croton Aqueduct, formed into lovely lakes of limpid water, and heightening the charm of the sylvan accessories by the finest natural contrast."

At the next session the "Jones's Wood Park Bill" was passed. The law, according to the pamphlet guide to the Central Park, failed through some technical errors. In July, 1853, the Legislature authorized the taking of the present site. In February, 1856, it came into possession of the city. The city named a commission, which accepted a plan made by its engineer, Mr. Viele. But there was no appropriation, and the matter paused. On the 17th of April, 1857, the act for the regulation of the Park and the creation of an unpaid commission to serve for five years was passed. The commission were to spend rather more than a million and a half of dollars, to be raised in six per cent. stock, running thirty years. In August, 1857, the work of clearing the ground was commenced. On the 28th of April, 1858, the design of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux for laying out the Park was accepted; and on the first of June, 1858, the work was commenced in earnest, employing about three thousand men. The last Legislature empowered an extension of the area, so that the total area of the Park will be $843\frac{14}{100}$ acres, including 142 belonging to the Croton Aqueduct Department, on which stands the Yorkville reservoir.

The work on the Central Park is to-day the most imposing industrial spectacle to be seen upon the continent. Whoever does not go to see it omits a duty and loses a pleasure. The area is about two and a half miles long, and not more than half a mile wide, and was a mere waste of rocks, wet ground, and wild shrubbery. The work is the subjugation of this into the most various, exquisite, picturesque, and poetic garden; for the Central Park is to be a garden as Eden was—not a plot of flowers, but a system of roads, avenues, winding paths, lawns, groves, shrubberies, hillocks, grottoes, fountains, falls, streams, lakes, arches, bridges, terraces, slopes; and they are all gradually appearing at the magical touch of a system of industry not less admirable, inspired and regulated by a perceptive genius and administrative power such as are rarely encountered and still more rarely combined.

In truth, the Park itself is not so much a miracle as that a work of such colossal honesty should be achieved amidst the civic corruption in which our municipal affairs are lost. And this is owing mainly to the peculiar fitness of the chief of the Park, Mr. Olmsted, who is a man of the most absolute honesty—who will probably come out of the work quite as poor as he went in—who is singularly fitted by natural gifts and cultivation for the designing so vast an enterprise—and who has that inflexible executive energy which gives great successes to military heroes, and which in so noble a triumph as this shows that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

He is admirably supported in every way by the consulting architect, Calvert Vaux—the former partner of Mr. Downing, who has thus a kind of posthumous, silent influence upon the work.

The Ramble is already completed—a series of garden sketches, shrubberies, lawns, and streams, grouped with native and foreign trees and plants, including some of the commonest and most lovely that grow in our fields and along our waters. Vines trail and climb and wave about the rocks; flowers bloom along the edges of turf and on the margin of a little grassy brook. You walk upon paths perfectly laid, and smoothly rolled; groups of workmen are shaving the lawn; here is a rustic, substantial summer-house—yonder, a glimpse of a bridge exquisitely elaborated; at your side, the huge leaves of some languid tropical plant unfold, and yonder are the nodding spears of the golden rod. Every moment there is a pleasant surprise in the sweet succession of beauty. Whatever spot your eye falls upon is the spot that seems to have been especially elaborated.

This is upon the higher central ground of the Park; and immediately beyond its limits the active work is going on. There are bodies of laborers drilling rock, laying the stone foundations of roads, with the small end downward—the sharp eye of the foreman seeing that it is so laid; others are building the arches of the terraces; others, ditching, digging, planting, carting, leveling, all over the wild, waste spaces; and in the midst of them this stately avenue, already finished, nearly as wide as Broadway, and firm to the tread as a sea-beach, flanked by double rows of trees—which have, unfortunately, died, but which the contractor is engaged by his contract to make good.

But wonderful as are the things seen, they are little compared with the unseen. "It is now too late to imagine at all what the work has been," says the architect-in-chief, in a private note, congratulating himself upon "the solidity, genuineness, and thorough good workmanship, that we have thus far almost every where secured. * * * The architecture, stone-cutting, etc., is as faithful as the most religious of the Middle Ages. * * * We shall have some things which will glorify our epoch in the after-ages, when the Vandals try to knock them to pieces."

Who does not share the generous enthusiasm? Who is not proud that, in a day of swindling in politics, and of cast-iron in building, such grand works can be achieved in rugged honesty and solid stone? It silences forever the clatter of skeptics of the democratic principle as inimical to vast public works. In all the cities of Europe there were never better or more orderly laborers than the three thousand who work at the Central Park, "with so little friction, such perfect and simple, unconscious good feeling. This, also, being based on directness and the simplicity of absolute *law*."

And they are all working, not for the royal, but for the popular domain. Every Sunday and Saturday afternoon thousands of people swarm through the Park. Yet every thing is rigidly respected. The arrests are fabulously few; but they are impartial. Already there is a tradition of a judge of one of our highest courts hurrying across a grass-plot to reach the cars that he might not be late for dinner. He was promptly arrested. Indignantly he pleaded his urgency, and gave his name as a guarantee of no lawless disposition. The stringent reply was, "that the order is to arrest all persons crossing the grass, and judges of the highest courts are not excepted." The good-humored judge smiled, and upon discharge remarked that he regarded the loss of a dinner as a small price for the knowledge that there were some policemen in the world who would do their duty, "anyhow."

The throngs of visitors remember that the Park is the common property of all, and that no individual can justly appropriate a single flower, or the freshness of any lawn or margin of grass, to his private gratification. It is so universally in other countries. And the more parks we plant, the more galleries of art we open, the more we promote refinement of soul by the increasing influence of beauty, the more we shall find that faith in the people is justified and deepened. Turning one backward glance at this great work, how true seem the words of Downing:

"Were our legislators but wise enough to understand to-day the destinies of the new world, the gentility of Sir Philip Sidney made universal would be not half so much a miracle fifty years hence in America as the idea of a whole nation of laboring men reading and writing was, in his day, in England."

REAL CHARACTERS IN NOVELS.

Walter Scott, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, in Kenilworth, the Talisman, Quentin Durward, and indeed in almost all the novels he ever wrote, introduced historical personages. Bulwer, Disraeli, Thackeray, and Dickens have done the same. The hero of Mrs. Stowe's present novel is a historical character. Are all these authors in the wrong? Do they violate the proprieties of a novel when they introduce these personages?

M. M. thinks they do. The Lounger thinks they do not. M. M. thinks at least they are certainly out of place in a satire.

But a novel is a picture of life. It is not to be considered merely as a satire, unless that intention be too evident to be mistaken. "The Newcomes" or "The Virginians" are satirical, but they are not therefore untrue pictures of society. In fact the pungency of a satire consists greatly in its fidelity to the fact: the finer satiric genius showing the absurdity it means to touch, rather by a skillful combination of facts than by their dislocation or exaggeration.

If, therefore, a novelist, in delineating life at a certain time in a certain country, chooses to introduce real places or real persons of that time, for the purpose of giving greater local truth to his sketch, he has an undoubted right to do it, for he does it at his own risk. Historic characters are, so to say, familiarly known to us, and the author who introduces them subjects his whole work to the sharper criticism of his readers. For if he draws the real character unlike life, all his own characters share the unreality. And if he draws him accurately he tests all the others.

Thus in "The Virginians," when we are taken to Tunbridge Wells a century ago, although we are following the fortunes of a fictitious personage, our minds are full of our knowledge of the real place and of the real persons who frequented it. When, therefore, Dr. Johnson, and Richardson, and Lord Chesterfield are introduced, it is only natural, and we believe in Harry Warrington and the Baroness Bernstein only the more heartily. If the author had taken us to hear a sermon from Dr. William Dodd, who was afterward executed for forgery, or to hear Oliver Goldsmith read a poem, it would have been not necessarily because he thought Dr. Dodd a good man or Oliver Goldsmith the greatest poet that ever lived, but simply from a dramatic desire to give reality to his story. It doesn't follow from the fact that Miss Evans makes Dinah preach a Methodist sermon in "Adam Bede," that she is therefore a Methodist or trying to inculcate Methodism. She may be so trying, but it is not proved by that single fact.

If the Lounger's correspondent will allow him an alliteration, he would say that upon this view of the subject M. M.'s mind is muddled.

IS IT PECCAVI?

J. B. accuses the Lounger of unwillingness to "own up" about Louis Napoleon. He thinks him too tenacious of his opinion; and is very sure that, according to the L.'s own statement, the amnesty ought to open his eyes.

But upon referring, as the Lounger will presently help him to do, to what was really said, he will find that it was much more than a single act, which was supposed to be able to re-establish or to create confidence in the Emperor's honesty. When the Lounger first went to Rome, the city was standing upon its head with delight because the new Pope had declared an amnesty, and sundry other things that looked well for popular freedom. How is it now?

The Holy Father, it appears, is about sending, or has sent, his soldiers—whom he honored with a medal to commemorate the massacre of Perugia—to subdue Bologna. And, Heaven willing! those soldiers will have to settle their little accounts with Garibaldi. The papal amnesty was good in itself—as pea-blossoms are in May. But how if no pease come?

The Lounger does not deny the value of the amnesty. It is doubtless a good thing, and many honest men, who have been for many a weary year unjustly deprived of their liberty, will come by their own again. The first sign of repentance in a thief is, doubtless, the restitution of the stolen property, even if it be sadly worn and spent. But restitution is not every thing. An ingenious pickpocket will take your watch while he is penitently restoring your red pocket-handkerchief.

What the Lounger really said in Number 134 was:

"When, peace being restored, he shall lend his influence to constructing and consolidating a free and popular government in the peninsula, under whatever form it may be—when at home we see him unmuzzling the press—recalling the patriots who love France as well as he loves it—establishing a Legislature which shall represent the real will of the people and honestly executing its laws, when universal surveillance and tyranny and terror have ceased in France, we shall heartily confess that we have not appreciated the love of constitutional freedom which animated Louis Napoleon."

How much of all this has the Emperor done?

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

In a notice of Leigh Hunt, last week, his essays were called the finest since Addison's with the sole exception of Goldsmith. Of course, every lover of Charles Lamb, and the Lounger among them, was scandalized at seeing such an assertion. When he wrote the words he had in his mind only essay-journals, like the *Spectator*, *World*, *Connoisseur*, and his namesake, the *Lounger*; and he hopes that the context will have explained his probable meaning to the reader.

A NEW DESIGN.

The incessant progress of scientific and artistic discovery and improvement is wonderful. Among the new designs which will appeal to the admiration of the public during the holidays will be Ehninger's "Autograph of Sketches," which mysterious expression means simply photographed etchings by our leading artists.

By some chemical process a glass is prepared so that the artist etches upon it with his needle, and every copy obtained from the negative is, therefore, really the work of the artist. Twelve of the eminent American painters have united with Mr. Ehninger in the work—Durand, Kensett, Leutze, Darley, and others—and the result is a series of the most exquisite and characteristic designs. They will be accompanied by apposite selections from American poets.

Mr. Ehninger does not claim to have invented the process, but only to have developed it. There can be no question of the intrinsic success of the pictures. They are all entirely characteristic and valuable.

KARL RITTER.

The great German geographer and friend of Humboldt lies very ill at his home in Berlin. He is old—in his eighty-first year—and in the order of nature we shall soon hear of his death.

Of large and noble presence, with a venerable head flowing with white locks, a singularly sweet and humane expression of face, genial and gentlemanly, the Lounger well recalls the old Professor as he stood unfolding his theories and the results of his researches in the lecture-room, or as he sat, wrapped in his huge dressing gown, by the side of his porcelain stove at home. He is the greatest living authority upon Physical Geography. His long life, which extends, as Humboldt's extended, over so momentous and troubled a period, has been constantly devoted, as Humboldt's was, to calm, unwearied study. It is, happily, the tendency of wide and generous intellectual culture—not always, however, as the career of Goethe shows—to promote an active humane sympathy—an intelligent interest in the progress of liberty. This was true of Humboldt, and it is equally so of his friend. When Karl Ritter dies, a great scholar and a good man departs out of the world.

"THE NEW GOLD AND THE OLD CIVILIZATION."

"DETROIT, 1859.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I must own that I have not read Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' and perhaps I have misapprehended your remarks on his theory in the *Weekly* of last Saturday. Admitting, what he claims, 'that the earliest civilization of this continent was substantially the same as that of Asia,' what is the legitimate inference? Must we conclude that, on either continent, two independent races of men commenced an equal course, and that like causes produced like results? Such I suppose to be your supposition of what Mr. Buckle supposes when you suppose that he would exclaim, 'Of course.' But a captious critic might object: 'In that case their progress should have been coincident, at least until the barbarians of the North interrupted the artists of New Granada. Why did they stop at the skeleton of the Scarabæus? Did the laws of civilization collapse on the production of the symbol of immortality?'

"Taking it for granted that 'the earliest civilization of this continent was the same as that of Asia,' is not the fact most satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis that our aborigines are of Asiatic origin, and that the monuments of the earliest civilization indicate the stage of art at which they left their trans-Pacific home? Perhaps the name by which we designate the race undesignedly expresses the truth, and there may be good reasons why 'the gold ornaments in *Indian*-graves' should bear 'an *East India* or even an Egyptian aspect.' Egypt and New Granada may have drawn from the same fountain; and if 'the meanest Christian' has thrown dirt at Mr. Buckle, by all means conduct him to that fountain that he may wash and be clean.

"In my little library there is a book which might help him, and permit me to suggest that somebody should reprint it. It is entitled 'Lares and Penates, or Cilicia and its Governors, by William Burckhardt Barker, M.R.A.S.; edited by William Francis Ainsworth, F.R.G., etc., etc.' Mr. Barker for many years resided at Tarsus in an official capacity. Against the ancient walls of that city an immense pile of rubbish had accumulated. The wall in one place had been gradually removed by the present citizens for the building materials which it contained, and one side of the mound which leaned against it was exposed. An examination of this mound, which was the accumulated rubbish of ages, brought to light an immense number of statues, altars, lamps, and miscellaneous objects which Mr. Barker has collected and submitted to the judgment of artists. His book is an account of the collection, handsomely illustrated by engravings. If we may judge by the illustrations, the fragments in terra cotta indicate a high cultivation of art at the time of their execution. A competent critic says: 'In style of art many are of exquisite taste and feeling, some of the most charming fragments of terra cotta which I have seen.'

"Your space forbids any attempt to describe the collection, but one class of heads I would commend to the attention of all who are interested in the early civilization of this continent. To take an example of the class to which I allude, a drawing is given by Mr. Barker of a monstrous head in a conical cap, on which Mr. Abingdon remarks, 'This is the most extraordinary thing in the collection. On the first view I was struck with the identity of its strange profile with the figures sculptured on the monuments and edifices of an extinct people in Central America. Many of Stephens's engravings represent the same faces exactly. Now the question arises, "What connection can exist between the idolatry of Tarsus and the monuments of Central America?"' Mr. Abingdon subsequently suggests to Mr. Barker, 'Hitherto the sculptures of Central America have only been wondered at, not explained. Does not this head of yours thereby let light in upon a dark mystery.' But how singular, my dear Lounger, if we are to go to a rubbish mound at Tarsus in Cilicia to find a key to the sculptures of Central America, or to Egypt to find a key to the gold ornaments found in Indian graves in New Granada. And if in these we are to find a clew to the history of our aboriginal tribes!

"Pardon the prolixity of your fellow Lounger,

"BUKL MI SHOO."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A READER FROM THE BEGINNING, in Nashville, Tennessee, complains that newsmen charge ten cents for the *Weekly*. The best way to get the paper is to subscribe for it.

—S. J. BEDELL. It is always dangerous to pay beforehand for the insertion of your name in any catalogue or directory. We know nothing of the one in question.

—PEREGRINE PICKLE wants to know how a man can advertise the loss of a black traveling bag without calling it "a black leather bag resembling a carpet bag in shape and construction, only it wasn't a carpet bag." The best way is to say either black traveling bag, which would be at once understood—which is the great object of using language—or else boldly, black leather carpet bag, which is incorrect but equally well understood. So Paris shoes are made in New York: that is, shoes resembling those made in Paris.

—The incident in the life of a Southern politician is declined.

THE ARTIFICIAL MAN.

While lounging the other day in a medical library, I chanced to take up a little volume, the odd title of which led me to dip into it—"Bigg on Artificial Limbs." I had heard of the skillful anatomical mechanician of Leicester Square, whom the Queen delighted to honor with commissions for cunningly-devised limbs for wounded soldiers during the Crimean war, but never realized to myself the art with which man can eke out the defects of nature until I glanced over this little volume; the contents of which so struck me that I was determined to see for myself how far that cunning biped man can simulate the handiwork of our great mother. I was received courteously, and on explaining the nature of my errand an assistant was sent through the different work-shops to satisfy my curiosity.

A very few minutes' conversation with my conductor left the impression upon my mind that, instead of having any profound respect for Nature, he looked upon her as sometimes rather in the way than otherwise; for, happening to ask him playfully, as a kind of starting question, with how small a modicum of humanity he could manage to work, "Sir," said he, very seriously, "we only want the vital principle; give us nervous centres and sound viscera, and we find all the rest."

"But," said I, not prepared for this liberal offer, "suppose a man had only three inches of stump?"

"Three inches of stump!" he replied, contemptuously; "with that allowance we could do any thing. There is," said he, "somewhere in Ireland, a gentleman born without limbs, who goes out hunting in a clothes-basket strapped on his horse's back. If we could only get hold of him, his friends in six weeks would not know him."

An inspection of my friend's *ateliers* certainly went far to justify the confident spirit in which his assistant spoke. I soon found out that there are first, second, and third class limbs, however, as of every thing else.

"What!" said I, "do you make balusters as well as legs?" pointing to a shelf-ful neatly turned and painted.

"Balusters! my dear Sir," he replied, a little hurt, "these are our Chelsea pensioners!"

And on a closer examination such they proved to be. Here was the hard third-class fact simple and unadorned.

"And these buckets?" I rejoined, pointing to some scores of hollow wooden cones placed one within the other.

"Bucket's the word!" said he, reaching one down, and screwing a baluster into its lower end. "These are our Chelsea pensioners complete. But this is nothing to what they have in store at Chelsea Hospital. During the war we could not make them fast enough, and they were obliged to apply to the mop-makers. Fact," said he, seeing the surprise in our eyes—"and arms, too! You should see the rows and rows stored on the shelves, their hooks hanging out like so many hundred dozen of umbrellas. Government can only afford hooks for soldiers and sailors; but officers who are not able to pay can get new legs and arms of the very best construction at the expense of a grateful nation, by simply applying at the Horse Guards."

All the while this serio-comic conversation was going on, a workman, in the coolest possible manner, was working away at a most delicate little leg, that would not have come off second best in the Judgment of Paris—a faultless Balmoral boot, and the daintiest silk stocking covered proportions that Madame Vestris may have envied.

"These," said my companion, "are some of our first-class goods. Would you like to see the mechanism? Goodge, pull down the stocking." With that the workman bared the limb, while my companion put it through its paces. "This, you see, is our patent knee-cap and patella, and this the new vulcanized India-rubber tendon-Achilles; here, in the instep, you will observe a spiral spring elevating the toes, and if you will just observe (opening a little trap-door in the back of the calf), here is an ingenious contrivance by which the bending of the knee elevates the front part of the foot, thus allowing it full play to swing forward clear of the ground."

Certainly it was an admirable contrivance.

"And can a man or woman progress easily with that arrangement?" I said.

"Do you know Lady ——?" said he.

"Yes."

"Nothing the matter there?" he rejoined, interrogatively.

I was obliged to confess, not to my knowledge.

"That's her spare leg, nevertheless," he replied, triumphantly.

"Spare leg! What do you mean?"

"Lord bless you! look into that cupboard. I have the spare members of half the town there, duly labeled. Things will go wrong with the best conducted limbs; and to save difficulties we keep duplicates here, which can be applied at the shortest notice. A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. Smith, once lost the pin out of his knee-joint, and sent here for his off-leg. A young lad up from the country sent him another Mr. Smith's box, containing an arm—very awkward."

"Will you allow me?" said I, trying to read the names on the boxes.

"Certainly not," said he, shutting the door and turning the key; "this is our Blue Beard's cupboard, and I wouldn't allow even my wife to peep. But come and look at our hands."

There they were—some clenched, some spread out, some in the act of holding, some gloved, and displayed like Vandykes, as if to challenge attention.

"Now what will they do?" said I, almost doubtful whether the clenched fist wouldn't strike.

"Do any thing," said he. "By means of the hook inserted in the palm, it can lift, or hold the reins, almost as well as the natural member. Observe the beautiful operation of the spring thumb imitating the grand privilege of man and monkey, by means of which it can grasp a fork, or lightly finger a tooth-pick."

"Do you supply fingers, and such small deer?" I inquired.

"Fingers, toes, noses, lips—we take them as they come. A gentleman with but one finger on his left hand came to us, the other day, and asked to have the complement made up. We fitted on the rest, and attached them by means of a signet ring to the remaining finger—movement perfect; you should see him pass his fingers through his hair—natural as life. The hand is a wonderful thing—that beats me—legs are mere A B C; but the hand! Here," said he, recovering from his momentary admiration of nature, "here is a drawing of a pretty thing. A Hudson's Bay trapper had his hand bitten off by a bear, and came to us to replace it.

"'Do you want something really useful?' said I.

"'Yes,' said he.

"So I made him this dagger, fitting into his arm-stump socket. He sleeps in his dagger, and finds it particularly handy when there are bears about. Look at the action of this spring and rachet-elbow: you have only to touch the little button in the elbow, and the fore-arm closes as natural as life. Who would wear an empty sleeve when a member like this can be obtained? We always recommend our arm and hand patients to wear a cloak neatly folded over it, as it prevents any attempt at hand-shaking. We don't warrant the shake—the touch isn't quite natural."

"But how about the more delicate operations—eyes and noses?" I inquired.

"Oh, we do any feature at a moment's notice. Noses, for instance: the best way is to bring a patient to the modeler, who first designs the missing member in clay, after a portrait or from instructions; from this an India-rubber cast is taken, to which we fit on a pair of spectacles, to break the flesh line; and when the superstructure is complete, an artist puts in the complexion."

"And eyes?" I added, deeply interested.

"Eyes we do not do so much in," he added, apologetically. "There is M. Boisenou, from Paris, who travels with all the eyes of Europe—from the black of Andalusia to the blues of Scandinavia."

"But how are they applied?"

"Easily as possible," he added, pulling out a drawer and displaying the upturned gaze of winkless scores. "Let me see," said he, rapidly taking up eye after eye, and comparing them with my own. "Light gray—that's a good match. Now with this little ivory jemmy we prise the eye into its socket; the muscle being left, we get good motion, and the deception is perfect. A lady once closed her good eye, and went up to the glass to see her false one. There is one little drawback, however: you can wipe away a cold tear perfectly; but as the eye-ball itself is not sensitive, the flies sometimes walk about upon it, which looks odd."

"You must see a vast deal of maimed humanity?" said I.

"And vanity, too," he replied. "But I am afraid I must leave you, as I see there is a leg-below-knee, two toes, and an arm wanting to see me in the waiting-room, and there in the cab—we are near levée day, I suppose—is the Honorable Augustus Witherdman calling for his calves."

DEBT.

I sat in my room on a midnight dreary,
Counting the rain on the roof;
Hearing the roll of the wheels aweary,
And the clank of the horses' hoof.
Hearing the fall of the distant feet
That echoed along on the sleeping street,
And the hollow song of a roistering rhyme
Striking in with the clang of the midnight chime

I sat in my room while the gas burned low
On the dead-white chamber-wall,
While, pale and haggard, and full of woe,
And strangely lank and tall,
A stony figure in silence stands
Watching the moves of my trembling hands;
Watching the drop of my weary eye,
With a dim, grim smile at my every sigh.

I gazed at this figure in solemn awe,
This spectre so gaunt and gray,
Who came not by the bolted door,
With his ghostly, shadowy way.
I saw that the rags on his shrunken form
Were dripping with wet from the midnight storm;
I saw him shriveled with pain and cold,
And his face looked prematurely old.

With a shiver of dread in every vein,
I spoke to this man of stone;
And every word he spoke again
Were the echoes of my own.
"What dost thou here in the midnight deep,
When the world is lapped in its sweetest sleep?"
"What dost *thou* here?" he said again,
"When the pillow claims thy wearied brain?"

"What art thou, thing of a bloodless life,
Whose presence is death and shame;
Whose every word is the stab of a knife,
What is thy dreadful name?"
For a moment flashed his eyes in light,
Then darkened again, as in endless night:
"Whoever shall know, shall never forget
The time when he wore the chains of DEBT.

"Whoever shall once, in a thoughtless way,
Wear those golden chains for me,
Shall labor and toil for many a day
Before his limbs are free.
At first my chains are of burnished gold,
And worn in a rich and gorgeous fold;
But they grow in weight, and they grow in size,
With every speedy hour that flies.

"But I, with a magic all my own,
Can change these chains of gold;
I can turn them to iron, and eat the bone,
And gnaw the flesh till the heart grows old;
Till the clothes shall hang in a filthy shred,
Till the eyes shall look like the eyes of the dead;
Till the arm shall die in its palsied pain,
And the blood run cold in each icy vein.

"Who weareth my chains shall know no hope,
Shall crave no length of life;
Shall die by drug, by knife, and rope,
Or live in blood and strife."
With his golden chain the shape drew nigh:
I sprang to my feet with a shuddering cry.
There was nothing to hear but the swell of my scream,
And nothing to see but the mist of a dream.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Distribution of the Montyon Prizes.—Speech by M. Guizot.—The Abbé Hallvin.—Two good Women.—A poor Shepherdess.—Three Widows.

PARIS, *August* 30, 1859.

Since the breaking up of the Camp of St. Maur and the departure of the Court from Paris—which took place a few days after the public entry of the Army of Italy—the event of greatest interest in this gay capital has been the annual sitting of the Academy of France for the distribution of prizes and medals, based upon the endowment of M. Montyon, for the encouragement of a moral literature, and for rewarding deeds of active benevolence. Two hours before the opening of the doors of the Academy a vast crowd, composed of the *élite* of Parisian society, filled all approaches to the building, regardless of the discomfort and danger of exposure to the rays of a sun tropical in its fierceness; for the occasion—one always of interest—was unusually so this year, from the announcement that Guizot was the orator of the day. Time has not spared the great historian and statesman. He looked much older to those who had not seen him for five years; but his manner was, as ever, impressive and dignified, and his address full of interest to those who would glance into the moral life of France—a life more healthful and more promising than the prejudices of foreigners would lead them to believe.

To the honor of the sex let it be heralded abroad, that of the three prizes and eighteen medals awarded, eighteen were to women. While the records of crime in all the civilized regions of the earth—not excepting the Model Republic—have been fear-

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

fully large within the last few years, and at the moment when the English journals come to us with the details of a case of subtle poisoning, which appalls us the more for the cool and refined cruelty which distinguishes it from more brutal murders, the French historian impresses upon us that, though surrounded by fearful mysteries of sin and crime, so are there daily developments of noble virtues and heroic deeds, to the honor of nations, as of individuals. From the army, which has carried the name and influence of France beyond her borders, are reported salutary examples of disinterestedness, courage, generosity, sympathy, and sacrifice; and from the remotest provinces, towns, and villages, the inhabitants generally, and the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, unite in bearing testimony to the Christian virtues and deeds of charity that have distinguished certain persons; and from these the members of the Academy have with difficulty (so admirable were all) selected the recipients of this year's prizes.

In his address M. Guizot reminded his audience that, though Montyon lived in times of trouble, and witnessed all the tragedies of the Revolution—though, as a Royalist, his closest affections were wounded in the death of Louis XVI., he never lost faith in humanity, or his hope of a great moral future for France. He also gave biographical sketches of some three or four of those who are this year rewarded by the Academy; and these memoirs should be translated into all languages, for they illustrate the lives of individuals occupying an humble sphere, and fully justify the assertion that the privilege and power of being useful in our generation is not the exclusive right of those blessed with education or wealth.

In 1845 the Abbé Hallvin—who received the first prize—was vicar of a parish at Arras. Touched with the ignorance and misery among the youth of his charge, the good abbé sold a small patrimonial property, and with the proceeds purchased an humble house, to which he removed, with twenty of the most destitute and abandoned children of his parish. In three years he had collected thirty-five; and unceasingly the good abbé toiled for his sheep. When questioned by friends as to his pecuniary resources, and warned of the impossibility of success, he replied, "It is a work of faith; if good, Providence will bless it." The work was good, and has prospered, for at this time one hundred and seventy youths are enjoying the affectionate discipline of Hallvin's establishment, and two hundred others, who received its training, are now, as wives, mothers, soldiers, mechanics, scattered over France, and (without one exception) bearing witness to the noble labors of Hallvin by their admirable conduct, while he, in return, has the recompense of their gratitude and love; for to him, if near, they carry all their little cares and anxieties; or if at a distance, they, as with a parent, correspond, relying ever, and confidently, upon his advice and protection.

To Anne Duré de Bécherel and Margaret Monnier were awarded the second and third medals, of two thousand five hundred francs each. Born peasants, and without other resources than those arising from their daily toil, they had both, while faithfully fulfilling all family duties, entitled themselves to the thanks of France for their useful but unostentatious charities. Nine years since, Anne Duré, in visiting a poor woman, found her ill and stretched upon a bed, without linen or covering of any kind. From her humble home she supplied these necessities. But deeply impressed with the misery before her, she determined to devote her best energies to ameliorating the physical sufferings of her neighbors. Alone, she has carried out her design—begging, collecting from house to house old clothes, linen, bed furniture, provisions, and medicines; washing, repairing, arranging with admirable system and economy; teaching herself to write, that she might keep a registry of all articles received and distributed, until she has, by her individual exertion, founded an establishment from which aid is extended, far and near, to the sick, the infirm, and the poor. Even the dead are the subjects of her pious care, for her registry shows that within the past year thirty-seven families have received linen for the decent interment of their deceased members.

A medal was given (value, 1500 fr.) to a poor shepherdess, who, having taught herself to read, and appreciating all the happiness and moral benefit of knowledge, determined to become the instructress of the poor of her neighborhood. For forty years she has labored gratuitously, accepting but from a few a pittance to supply her simple wants.

Widows, listen to this! No less than three have, on this occasion, received medals from the Academy. One, though left, by the death of her husband, rich, and still in the prime of life, had founded an establishment for the education of poor girls—limiting the number always to thirty; and over this she had presided with the solicitude of a mother—training her adopted children for all the duties of life, and, like the Abbé Hallvin, extending to them, after they had left her, all the affectionate interest of a parent. Another, the widow of a blacksmith, who had left her in comfortable circumstances, made of her home an asylum for abandoned or orphaned children, servants without places, poor travelers without resources. Indeed, so general and admirable are her charities, that, in her own province, rich and poor have, as by one consent, accorded her the noble title of "*La Dame du bon Dieu.*" Again: another, Margaret Deschamps—the widow of a mechanic, who died leaving debts—had for twenty years toiled unceasingly, practicing the most systematic frugality and self-denial, until she had liquidated every engagement of her deceased husband. Ah! ye strong-minded women! these are noble examples of what may be accomplished without trespassing on the rights of the other sex.

THE WEBSTER STATUE.

WE engrave herewith, from a photograph by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of Boston, the Webster statue, which has just been inaugurated in that city. The statue is by Powers.

We condense from the Boston *Saturday Gazette* a brief sketch of this monument.

On 27th October, 1852, the solid men of Boston, with the Mayor at their head, met together to take counsel how best they might testify their respect and veneration for the memory of Webster. It was determined to erect a statue; and, several thousand dollars having been collected for the purpose, a contract was made with the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, of Florence, for a bronze statue, eight feet high, to cost $12,000. The statue was cast and shipped for Boston in 1857. On the way the vessel foundered, and the statue was lost. It was fortunately insured, and on the strength of the money obtained from the Insurance Company a fresh contract was made for another statue by Powers, to cost, this time, $7000. This was cast, like the former one, from the sculptor's moulds, by Signor Papi, bronze founder to the late Grand Duke, and arrived safely in Boston in January last.

Since its arrival the statue has been the subject of much animated discussion and bitter criticism. Many critics have declared it alike unworthy of the artist and of the subject. All Boston has been in a fever about it. It has found, however, a competent and an ardent champion in the person of the Hon. Edward Everett, who came forward recently and addressed a public meeting on the subject, vindicating Mr. Powers's fidelity of treatment, and claiming for the statue a very high rank among works of art. Certainly, so far as general appearance goes, it seems a most admirable likeness of the great expounder.

It was inaugurated on Saturday last, in the Music Hall at Boston. Speeches were made by the Governor, the Mayor, and others; after which an admirable address was delivered by Mr. Everett.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

PORTRAITS of the little boy on whose life so much hangs have more than once appeared in this journal. The last one we published represented him in the costume of a corporal; we now show him in the full uniform of a sergeant of the Guards.

Very few persons have ever had a biography at his age. He was born on 16th March, 1856, and is therefore now in his fourth year. He has already "served" nearly two years in the army; and though he has never been under fire, he has worn his uniform long enough to like it. When he is seven he will again be promoted, and will probably assume the rank of Colonel of the Guard. At that age etiquette—which presumes a wonderful precocity in royal infants—requires that he should have a separate establishment, and that the women of his present household should be dismissed. By such careful regulations does Imperial France educate her children and preserve the virtue of her women!

POWERS'S STATUE OF WEBSTER, JUST INAUGURATED AT BOSTON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE AND BLACK, OF BOSTON.]

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LVI.

A WARNING.

GRACE PLUMER had strange dreams the night after Abel Newt's supper; and she was very quiet for many days. Abel called the following evening to know how the ladies had borne the fatigue of the feast. Mrs. Plumer said, with smiles, that it was a kind of fatigue ladies bore without flinching. Miss Grace, who was sitting upon a sofa by the side of Sligo Moultrie, said that it was one of the feasts at which young women especially are supposed to be perfectly happy. She emphasized the last words, and her bright black eyes opened wide upon Mr. Abel Newt, who could not tell if he saw mischievous malice or a secret triumph and sense of release in them.

"Oh!" said he, gayly, "it would be too much for me to hope to make any ladies, and especially young ladies, perfectly happy."

And he returned Miss Plumer's look with a keen glance masked in merriment.

Sligo Moultrie wagged his foot.

"There now is conscious power!" said Abel, with a laugh, as he pointed at Miss Plumer's companion.

They all laughed, but not very heartily. There appeared to be some meaning lurking in whatever was said; and like all half-concealed meanings, it seemed, perhaps, even more significant than it really was.

Abel was very brilliant, and told more and better stories than usual. Mrs. Plumer listened and laughed, and declared that he was certainly the best company she had met for a long time. Nor were Miss Plumer and Mr. Moultrie reluctant to join the conversation. In fact, Abel was several times surprised by the uncommon spirit of Sligo's replies.

"What is it?" said Abel to himself, with a flash of the black eyes that was startling.

All the evening he felt particularly belligerent toward Sligo Moultrie; and yet a close observer would have discovered no occasion in the conduct of the young man for such a feeling upon Abel's part. Mr. Moultrie sat quietly by the side of Grace Plumer—"as if somehow he had a right to sit there," thought Abel Newt, who resolved to discover if indeed he had a right.

During that visit, however, he had no chance. Moultrie sat persistently, and so did Abel. The clock pointed to eleven, and still they did not move. It was fairly toward midnight when Abel rose to leave; and at the same moment Sligo Moultrie rose also. Abel bade the ladies good-evening, and passed out as if Moultrie were close by him. But that young man remained standing by the sofa upon which Grace Plumer was seated, and said quietly to Abel,

"Good-evening, Newt!"

Grace Plumer looked at him also, with the bright black eyes, and blushed.

For a moment Abel Newt's heart seemed to stand still! An expression of some bitterness must have swept over his face, for Mrs. Plumer stepped toward him, as he stood with his hand upon the door, and said,

"Are you unwell?"

The cloud dissolved in a forced smile.

"No, thank you; not at all!" and he looked surprised, as if he could not imagine why any one should think so.

He did not wait longer, and the next moment was in the street.

Mrs. Plumer also left the room almost immediately after his departure. Sligo Moultrie seated himself by his companion.

"My dear Grace, did you see that look?"

"Yes."

"He suspects the truth," returned Sligo Moultrie; and he might have added more, but that his lips at that instant were otherwise engaged.

Abel more than suspected the truth. He was sure of it, and the certainty made him desperate. He had risked so much upon the game! He had been so confident! As he half ran along the street he passed many things rapidly in his mind. He was like a seaman in doubtful waters, and the breeze was swelling into a gale.

Turning out of Broadway he ran quickly to his door, opened it, and leaped up stairs.

To his great surprise his lamp was lighted, and a man was sitting reading quietly at his table. As Abel entered his visitor closed his book and looked up.

"Why, Uncle Lawrence," said the young man, "you have a genius for surprises! What on earth are you doing in my room?"

His Uncle said, only half smiling,

"Abel, we are both bachelors, and bachelors have no hours. I want to talk with you."

Abel looked at his guest uneasily; but he put down his hat and lighted a cigar; then seated himself, almost defiantly, opposite his uncle, with the table between them.

"Now, Sir; what is it?"

"Abel, you are going too fast. You do not like me—that is natural. We are not like, and we can not like. But I am an older man, and I am your father's brother. I know nothing of his affairs; I know nothing of your business. But I do know that no business can stand what you expect of yours—and no life—and no character."

Lawrence Newt spoke very calmly, and in a kind of vailed voice. Abel looked directly at him, and rather ostentatiously blew rings of smoke from his mouth. When his uncle had said so much Abel made no reply, but sat as if there were nothing for it but to listen; and he would listen as complacently as he could.

"I don't believe there is any body to warn you, Abel, and I am a poor hand at preaching. But many a man might have stopped, if somebody had only told him from the outside what he was pretty sure of from the inside. We try to persuade ourselves to disbelieve what is not mentioned to us. I have watched your father and your mother. It is the most melancholy home I ever saw. I know nothing of your father's affairs; he does not confide in me; and I am not here to pry into his secrets or yours, who are his partner. But I don't believe his business is in a good way, and I know that you play high and often, and I know that you live at a more expensive rate than any young man in town."

Lawrence Newt paused a moment, and waited to hear if his nephew had any thing to say. But the young man still calmly puffed the smoke from his mouth, and calmly regarded his uncle.

"Now Abel, you are not a fool. You know the inevitable results of certain courses. I want to fortify your knowledge by my experience. I understand all the temptations and excitements that carry you along. But I don't like your looks, Abel; and I don't like the looks of other people when they speak of you and your father. After all, we are of the same blood. Heaven knows its own mysteries! Your father and I were sons of one woman. That is a tie which we can neither of us escape, if we wanted to. Why should you ruin yourself?"

He looked at him amusingly for a few minutes.

"Can't we be friends? After all, men are men. We have, perhaps, more in common than we think. People get going in their own ruts, with their own cliques, and imagine more difference from others than there really is."

As he spoke he saw the peculiar blackness in Abel's eyes, and his voice, as if discouraged, involuntarily fell into a dry formal tone as he ended.

Abel half smiled and looked in the serious face of his uncle.

"What have I done, Uncle Lawrence?"

"I don't know, and I don't know what you are really doing now. But I see enough to alarm me. It is only common humanity that brings me here, Abel, for our relationship seems to be a mere ceremony, bating the instinct of which I spoke."

"Did you come to propose any thing for me to do, Sir, or only to inform me that you considered me a reprobate?" asked Abel, half-sneeringly, the smoke rising from his mouth.

Lawrence Newt did not answer.

"I am like other young men," continued Abel. "I am fond of living well, of a good horse, of a pretty woman. I drink my glass, and I am not afraid of a card. Really, Uncle Lawrence, I see no such profound sin or shame in it all, so long as I honestly pay the scot. Do I cheat at cards? Do I lie in the gutters?"

"No!" answered Lawrence.

"Do I steal?"

"Not that I know," said the other.

"Please, Uncle Lawrence, what do you mean, then?"

"I mean the way, the spirit, in which you do things. If you are not conscious of it, how can I make you? I can not say more than I have. I came merely—"

"As a handwriting upon the wall, Uncle Lawrence?"

Lawrence Newt rose and stood a little back from the table.

"Yes, if you choose, as a handwriting on the wall. Abel, when the prodigal son *came to himself*, he rose and went to his father. I came to ask you to return to yourself."

"From these husks, Sir?" asked Abel, as he looked around his luxurious rooms, his eye falling last upon the French print of Lucille, fresh from the bath.

Lawrence Newt looked at his nephew with profound gravity. The young man lay back in his chair, lightly holding his cigar, and carelessly following the smoke with his eye. The beauty and intelligence of his face, the indolent grace of his person, seen in the soft light of the lamp, and set like a picture in the voluptuous refinement of the room, touched the imagination and the heart of the older man. There was a look of earnest, yearning entreaty in his eyes as he said,

"Abel, you remember Milton's Comus?"

The young man bowed.

"Do you think the revelers were happy?"

Abel smiled, but did not answer. But after a few minutes he said, with a smile,

"I was not there."

"You *are* there," answered Lawrence Newt, with uplifted finger, and in a voice so sad and clear that Abel started.

The two men looked at each other silently for a few moments.

"Good-night, Abel."

"Good-night, Uncle Lawrence."

The door closed behind the older man. Abel sat in his chair, intently thinking. His uncle's words rang in his memory. But as he recalled the tone, the raised finger, the mien, with which they had been spoken, the young man did not think of himself and his uncle. He looked around him, and seemed half startled and frightened by the stillness, and awe-struck by the midnight hour. He moved his head rapidly and arose, like a person trying to rouse himself from sleep or nightmare. Passing the mirror, he involuntarily started at the haggard paleness of his face under the clustering black hair. He was trying to shake something off. He went uneasily about the room until he had lighted a match, and a candle, with which he went into the next room, still half-looking over his shoulder, as if fearing that something dogged him. He opened the closet where he kept his wine. He restlessly filled a large glass and poured it down his throat—not as if he were drinking, but as if he were taking an antidote. He rubbed his forehead with his hand, and half-smiled a sickly smile.

But still his eyes wandered nervously to the spot in which his uncle had stood; still he seemed to fear that he should see a ghostly figure standing there and pointing at him; should see himself, in some phantom counterpart, sitting in the chair. His eyes opened as if he were listening intently. For in the midnight he thought he heard, in that dim light he thought he saw the Prophet and the King. He did not remember more the words his uncle had spoken. But he heard only, "Thou art the man! Thou art the man!"

And all night long, as he dreamed or restlessly awoke, he heard the very same words, spoken as if with finger pointed, "Thou art the man! Thou art the man!"

CHAPTER LVII.

BREAKERS.

LAWRENCE NEWT had certainly told the truth of his brother's home. Mr. Boniface Newt had become so surly that it was not wise to speak to him. He came home late, and was angry if dinner were not ready, and cross if it were. He banged all the doors, and swore at all the chairs. After dinner he told May not to touch the piano, and begged his wife, for Heaven's sake, to take up some book and not to sit with an air of imbecile vacancy that was enough to drive a man distracted. He regularly read the *Evening Post*, and regularly pished at it as a dull, blundering, ridiculous newspaper—the best of all, but not fit for the dogs. He snarled at the servants so, that they went about the house upon tiptoe and fled his presence, and were constantly going away, so that Mrs. Newt passed many hours of the week in an Intelligence Office. Mr. Newt found holes in the carpets, stains upon the cloths, knocks upon the walls, nicks in the glasses and plates at table, scratches upon the furniture, and defects and misfortunes every where. He went to bed without saying good-night, and came down without a good-morning. He sat at breakfast morose and silent; or he sighed and frowned and muttered and went out without a smile or a good-by. There was a profound gloom in the house, an unnatural order. Nobody dared to derange the papers or books upon the tables, to move the chairs, or to touch any thing. If May appeared in a new dress he frowned, and his wife trembled every time she put in a breast-pin.

Only in her own room was May mistress of every thing. If any body had looked into it he would have seen that it was a thoughtful and elegant hand which arranged every thing, and often enough he would have seen a delicate girl-face, almost too thoughtful for so young a face, resting upon the hand, as if May Newt were troubled and perplexed by the gloom of the house and the silence of the household. Her window opened over the street, and there were a few horse-chestnut trees before the house. She made friends with them, and they covered themselves with blossoms for her pleasure. She sat for hours at her window, looking into the trees, sewing, reading, musing, and as solitary as a fairy princess in a tower.

Sometimes flowers came, with Uncle Lawrence's love. Or fine fruit for Miss May Newt, with the same message. Several times from her window May had seen who the messenger was: a young man with candid eyes, with a quick step, and an open, almost boyish face. When the street was still she heard him half-singing as he bounded along—as nobody sings, she thought, whose home is not happy.

Solitary as a fairy princess in a tower, she looked down upon the figure as it rapidly disappeared. The sewing or the reading stopped entirely; nor were they resumed when he had passed out of sight. He did not once look up. He seemed to be no more conscious of any inhabitant of the house than a rabbit at the foot of a tree is conscious of a bird upon the bough. May Newt thought it strange that Uncle Lawrence should send such a messenger in the middle of the day. He did not look like a porter. He was not an office-boy. He was evidently one of the upper-clerks. It was certainly very kind in Uncle Lawrence.

So thought the solitary Princess in the tower, her mind idly wandering from the romance she was reading to a busy speculation upon the reality in the street beneath her.

The blind was thrown partly back as she sat at the open window. A simple airy dress, made by her own hands, covered her flower-like figure. The brown hair was smoothed over the white temples, and the sweet girl-eyes looked kindly into the street from which the figure of the young man had just passed. If by chance the eyes of that young man had been turned upward, would he not have thought—since one Sunday morning, when he passed her on the way to church, he was sure that she looked like an angel going home—would he not have thought that she looked like an angel bending down toward him out of heaven?

And it was not strange that Uncle Lawrence had sent him. For somehow Uncle Lawrence had discovered that if there was any thing to go to May Newt, there was nothing in the world that Gabriel Bennet was so anxious to do as to carry it.

But while the young man was always so glad

THE LOST TREASURE.

to go to Boniface Newt's gloomy house—for some reason which he did not explain, and which even his sister Ellen did not know—or, at least, which she pretended not to know, although one evening that wily young girl talked with brother Gabriel about May Newt, as if she had some particular purpose in the conversation, until she seemed to have convinced herself of some hitherto doubtful point—yet with all the willingness to go to the house, Gabriel Bennet never went to the office of Boniface Newt, Son, & Co.

If he had done so it would not have been pleasant to him, for it was perpetual field-day in the office. The senior partner sat bending his hard, anxious face over account-books and letters. The junior partner lounged in his chair as if the office had been a club-room. The "Company" never appeared.

"Father, I've just seen Sinker."

"D— Sinker!"

"Come, come, father, let's be reasonable! Sinker says that the Canal will be a clear case of twenty per cent. per annum for ten years at least, and that we could afford to lose a cent or two upon the Bilbo iron to make it up, over and over again."

Mr. Abel Newt threw his leg over the arm of the chair and looked at his boot. Mr. Boniface Newt threw his head around suddenly and fiercely.

"And what's Sinker's commission? How much do you suppose he has to put in? How much stock will he take?"

"He has sold out in the Mallow Mines to put in," said Abel, a little doggedly.

"Are you sure?"

"He says so," returned Abel, shortly.

"Don't believe a word of it!" said his father, tartly, turning back again to his desk.

Abel put both feet upon the ground, side by side, and rocked them upon the heels backward and forward, looking all the time at his father. His face grew cloudy—more cloudy every moment. At length he said,

"I think we'd better do it."

His father did not speak or move. He seemed to have heard nothing, and to be only inwardly cursing the state of things revealed by the books and papers before him.

Abel looked at him for a moment, and then, raising his voice, continued:

"As one of the firm, I propose that we sell out the Bilbo and buy into the Canal."

Not a look or movement from his father.

Abel jumped up—his eyes black, his face red. He took his hat and went to the door, saying,

"I shall go and conclude the arrangement!"

As he reached the door his father raised his eyes and looked at him. The eyes were full of contempt and anger, and a sneering sound came from his lips.

"You'll do no such thing."

The young man glanced sideways at his parent.

"Who will prevent me?"

"I!" roared the elder.

"I believe I am one of the firm," said Abel, coldly.

"You'd better try it!" said the old man, disregarding Abel's remark.

Abel was conscious that his father had this game, at least, in his hands. The word of the young man would hardly avail against a simultaneous veto from the parent. No transaction would stand a moment under such circumstances. The young man slowly turned from the door, and fixing his eyes upon his father, advanced toward him with a kind of imperious insolence.

"I should like to understand my position in this house," said he, with forced calmness.

"Good God! Sir, a bootblack, if I choose!" returned his father, fiercely. "The unluckiest day of my life was when you came in here, Sir. Ever since the business has been getting more and more complicated, until it is only a question of days how long it can even look respectable. We shall all be beggars in a month. We are ruined. There is no chance," cried the old man, with a querulous wail through his set teeth. "And you know who has done it all. You know who has brought us all to shame and disgrace—to utter poverty;" and, rising from his chair, the father shook his clenched hands at Abel so furiously that the young man fell back abashed.

"Don't talk to me, Sir. Don't dare to say a word," cried Mr. Newt, in a voice shrill with anger. "All my life has come to nothing. All my sacrifices, my industry, my efforts, are of no use. I am a beggar, Sir; so are you!"

He sank back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. The noise made the old book-keeper outside look in. But it was no new thing. The hot debates of the private room were familiar to his ear. With the silent, sad fidelity of his profession he knew every thing, and was dumb. Not a turn of his face, not a light in his eye, told any tales to the most careful and sagacious inquirer. Within the last few months Mr. Van Boozenberg had grown quite friendly with him. When they met, the President had sought to establish the most familiar intercourse. But he discovered that for the slightest hint of the condition of the Newt business he might as well have asked Boniface himself. Like a mother, who knows the crime her son has committed and perceives that he can only a little longer hide it, but with her heart breaking, still smiles away suspicion, so the faithful accountant, who supposed that the crash was at hand, was as constant and calm as if the business were never before so prosperous.

This scene was but a few days after Uncle Lawrence's visit to his nephew.

Abel Newt had now had two distinct warnings of something which nobody knew must happen so well as he. A man who thinks that he is consumptive may be quite at ease, so long as he can persuade himself, while he takes cod-liver oil and wears flannel, that it is only his own fancy. But when two physicians ask him if he has made his will he may be sure that he has no time to lose.

Abel Newt dined sumptuously that very day, and dressed very carefully that evening, and at eight o'clock was sitting alone with Grace Plumer. The superb ruby was on her finger. But on the third finger of her left hand he saw a large glowing opal. His eyes fastened upon it with a more brilliant glitter. They looked at her too so strangely that Grace Plumer felt troubled and half alarmed.

"Miss Grace," said Abel, in a low voice.

The tone was significant.

"Mr. Newt," said she, with a half smile, as if she accepted a contest of badinage.

"Do you remember I said I was perfectly happy?"

He moved his chair a little nearer to hers. She drew back almost imperceptibly.

"I remember you *said* so, and I was very glad to hear it."

"Do you remember my theory of perfect happiness?"

"Yes," said Miss Plumer, calmly, "I believe it was perfect love. But I think we had better talk of something else;" and she rose from her chair and stood by the table.

"Miss Plumer!"

"Mr. Newt."

"It was you who first emboldened me."

"I do not understand, Sir."

"It was a long time ago, in my mother's conservatory."

Grace Plumer remembered the evening, and she replied, more softly,

"I am very sorry, Mr. Newt, that I flirted so foolishly: I was young. But I think we did each other no harm."

"No harm, I trust, indeed, Miss Grace," said Abel. "It is surely no harm to love; at least, not as I love you."

He too had risen, and tried to take her hand. She stepped back. He pressed toward her.

"Grace; dear Grace!"

"Stop, Sir, stop!" said his companion, drawing herself up and waving him back. "I can not hear you talk so. I am engaged."

Abel turned pale. Grace Plumer was frightened. He sprang forward and seized her hand.

"Oh! Grace, hear me but one word! You knew that I loved you, and you allowed me to come. In honor, in truth, before God, you are mine!"

She struggled to release her hand. As she looked in his face she saw there an expression which assured her that he was capable of saying any thing, of doing any thing; and she trembled to think how much she might be—how much any woman is—in the power of a desperate man.

"Indeed, Mr. Newt, you must let me go!"

"Grace, Grace, say that you love me!"

The frightened girl broke away from him, and ran toward the door. Abel followed her, but the door opened, and Sligo Moultrie entered.

"Oh, Sligo!" cried Grace, as he put his arm around her.

Abel stopped and bowed.

"Pardon me, Miss Plumer. Certainly Mr. Moultrie will understand the ardor of a passion which in his case has been so fortunate. I am sorry, Sir," he said, turning to Sligo, "that my ignorance of your relation to Miss Plumer should have betrayed me. I congratulate you both from my soul!"

He bowed again, and before they could speak he was gone. The tone of his voice that lingered upon their ears was almost like a hiss. It was a most sinister felicitation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

ADDITIONAL intelligence from the disputed territory of San Juan Island reaches us, *via* San Francisco, by the Overland Mail. The report of the landing of another detachment of United States troops on the island is confirmed. A company of sappers and miners was expected to arrive by the next vessel from Vancouver, and it was understood that they would be set at work to erect fortifications. The Legislature of British Columbia had become greatly excited at the condition of affairs. An address to Governor Douglass had been adopted, which called for active measures to expel the American forces; the Governor had been requested to embody a militia force; and a memorial to the Queen was in circulation for signatures in Victoria, declaring the island to be British territory, and calling upon the Home Government to sustain its rights.

GOLD FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

The most conclusive testimony to the existence of gold in the Pike's Peak region of Kansas has just arrived at Leavenworth from Denver City, in the shape of $32,000 in gold dust. This is the largest amount yet received at one time. The proposition for a State organization had been defeated, returns from eleven of the mining districts giving a majority of 1600 against it. This result is attributed by the *Times* to the opposition of the mining population to the lands of the region being brought into market for sale—a measure that would be the immediate result of the proposed organization. In consequence of the numerous depredations of thieves, a Vigilance Committee had been organized, which had already banished several persons.

SOUTHERN OPINION ON JUDGE DOUGLAS.

The New Orleans *Crescent* commends, in very warm terms, the recent speech of Senator Clay of Alabama, for the spirit with which he denounces encroachments on Southern rights. But it does not concur with him in the declaration that he will not vote for Judge Douglas even if he should be the nominee of the Charleston Convention. And it adds the following statement, which has considerable interest considering the quarter from which it comes:

"We think we see through the motives of a large number of Southern Democrats of the fire-eating class, who are distinguishing themselves by avowing their hostility to Douglas. They probably believe, as we do, that *Douglas is the only man that can defeat Seward in* 1860—they wish to drive him out of the Charleston Convention to pave the way for the election of the arch-enemy of the South, *in order to force upon the Southern people the alternative of abject submission to Abolition domination or a dissolution of the Union.* In 1856 Senator Slidell stated unqualifiedly that the election of Colonel Frémont to the Chief Magistracy would be sufficient cause and ample justification for the South in breaking up the present Confederacy. How does he stand now? Does he hold to his original position? Would he dissolve the Union if Seward was elected? He is potent in this commonwealth—he is noted as an enemy of Douglas—and seeks his political discomfiture! Does he, too, the ardent Southerner of 1856, seek to ruin the only man in the National Convention who has a prospect of success in the North, in order to compel the alternative above indicated."

DEFALCATION IN A NEW YORK BANK.

W. J. Lane, Jun., clerk in the Fulton Bank, has been arrested on a charge of appropriating $60,000 from that bank.

The *modus operandi* which Lane is charged with adopting is said to have been this: He is charged with representing to his father that he was the agent of A. B. Dean & Co., of New Jersey, and pretended to collect bills receivable in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. These bills, it is supposed, he would enter on the books of the bank, to the credit of his father, and when they were supposed to be realized, receive his father's checks on the Fulton Bank for the proceeds. To prevent any discrepancy from occurring, it is supposed he made fictitious accounts current with the banks in neighboring cities, which, in his capacity as clerk, enabled him to forward substitute accounts for those furnished by the the general book-keeper. He would sometimes leave actual bills receivable unchanged for a few days, sufficient to cover the deficiency, which would otherwise be shown.

HOW HE SPENT THE MONEY.

In this way Lane may have been enabled to gratify his extravagant tastes by keeping a mistress in magnificent style, and sporting fine horses and equipages on the avenues. Beginning with small embezzlements, he may have gradually become emboldened, and plunged into frauds by wholesale. He rented the house No. — West Nineteenth Street, in which Miss M., his alleged mistress, dwelt, and paid therefor the round sum of $1000 annually. This mansion he had fitted up in the most gorgeous manner, and therein he kept his fair inamorata—it is said with the knowledge of the mother, who lived with her daughter—appropriating some $3000, or more probably, for the expenses. The most fashionable establishments on Broadway were ransacked, it is said, to obtain rare diamonds and costly jewels for the adornment of his fair one's person; and Lane, it is now alleged, might often be seen in company with the partner of his guilt, driving on the Bloomingdale Road, and outshining almost all in the splendor of his turn-out. It is stated he had a livery establishment in Lexington Avenue, in which he kept four splendid steeds, which cost upward of $6000, and also several carriages, with harness and trimmings to match. To divert suspicion from himself a friend pretended to be the sole proprietor of this luxury, but Lane, it is alleged, was the owner *de facto*, or at least the partner. Lane also silenced all suspicion, whenever it was hinted that he was spending more money than his salary as clerk would warrant, by giving out that he was receiving a handsome remuneration for his New Jersey agency, and that he realized considerable by employing his leisure hours as a book-keeper.

He also, it is said, dabbled in lotteries. He admitted to the officer who arrested him that he expended $1000 one day for lottery tickets, and for two whole weeks he allowed himself no less than $250 per diem for the same purpose. He says he was an extensive loser, having drawn but once a prize, which was worth $3000. As an illustration of his extravagance it is asserted that a few weeks ago he had $10,000 in cash, but at the time of his arrest not a cent of this remained, and he was unable to say how he had disposed of it.

RECOVERY OF THE JEWELRY.

On last Monday the complaint was made against Lane by Mr. Joseph Kernochan, President of the bank, and Officer King, of the Lower Police Court, arrested the accused immediately after the closing of the bank. He was taken before Mr. Kernochan and Board of Directors, and seeing it was idle to hide his fraud any longer, confessed his guilt immediately. The officer then went with him to the home of his mistress, West Nineteenth Street, where $7000 worth of diamonds and jewelry were surrendered to the officer by the lady at the request of her fallen paramour. These valuables consisted of a diamond cross which cost $1000, a pair of gold bracelets worth $470 each, five beautiful diamond rings, two pairs of diamond ear-rings, a gold watch, and other articles of smaller value.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A WOMAN.

We read in the St. Louis *Bulletin*: "This morning Mrs. Schnabel, a young creole, whose husband is engineer in Merrill's drug mills on St. Charles Street, between Fifth and Sixth, went to that place, as usual, about nine o'clock, to carry him his breakfast. While Mr. Schnabel was eating, his wife stood near the machinery, conversing with him. There is a large upright shaft a few inches from the principal wheel that carries the machinery. Mrs. S. was standing near this, and bent over to pick up her husband's pipe. Her dress caught in the cogs of the wheel, and she was drawn in between it and the shaft. Her legs, arms, and back-bone were instantly crushed to atoms. The effect of the shock was so great as to break the machinery in several places. Her husband in vain tried to rescue her, and when the awful fact flashed upon his mind that she was dead, his grief knew no bounds. Mrs. Schnabel was an intelligent, industrious woman, and much devoted to her husband and child."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, is erecting on Pennsylvania Avenue an art gallery, which is estimated to cost some two hundred thousand dollars. The gallery will be free, and will be managed by trustees appointed by Mr. Corcoran.

Theodore Parker's last letter to the *Liberator* is dated "Neufchatel, Suisse, August 23." He says: "I think I am really getting better; certainly I am fatter and stronger than for a year past. But the cough continues—the voice is good for nothing—it is a little painful to talk at all. Professor Desor has a fine wood lot, and I work in it with a bill hook and light hatchet; pruning the trees, and cutting down bushes: and sometimes I take an axe and cut down a tree twelve or fourteen inches in diameter. I do not overwork, and have a good appetite."

Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, has preached in sixteen Universalist churches in Maine this summer.

A deputation, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, the Rev. Samuel Dill, of Ballymena, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Limerick, has arrived here in the *Kangaroo*, to appeal to the Christians in the United States for aid in behalf of domestic missions in Ireland. The Rev. Henry Cooke, D.D., of Belfast, is expected to join the deputation in about three weeks. We have no doubt it will be cordially received by all Evangelical Protestants in the United States.

A lawyer named Peyton, living in Gallatin County, Kentucky, entered the house of a Mr. Lawrence of that place, and made dishonorable proposals to Mrs. Lawrence. She answered by discharging a pistol at him, which, however, did no damage. The next day she met him in the street, and again fired at him, blowing out one of his eyes. It is supposed Peyton will die. Lawrence was absent from home; and after shooting Peyton Mrs. Lawrence went to Indiana, declaring that she would never suffer herself to be arrested.

We hear that Rarey, the horse-tamer, has a rival in a young lady of Westchester County, who has recently been exercising her wonderful powers on vicious horses with great success.

In New Orleans the other day, at a big fire, a man named Jules Dreux, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, being in danger of burning, saved his life in some miraculous manner, upon the exact particulars of which the papers disagree, some saying that he jumped across the street to the roofs of the houses opposite, and others insisting that he came down a five-story ladder in three jumps. An honest Dutchman, who saw the whole affair, says that Jules took the "grapple-rope," fastened one end of it to the roof of the burning building, threw the other end, to which was attached the iron grapple, across the street, caught it on the roof of the houses opposite, and hauled it taut. Having thus extemporized a tight-rope, he took a crow-bar for a balance-pole, and deliberately walked across. Where's Blondin?

The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says that Lieutenant James C. Chaplin, United States Navy, was married on Tuesday evening to Miss Mattie Harris. The bride was appareled very simply and tastefully in white, one of her bridemaids in blue, and the other in red—together representing the red white and blue of our national bunting.

Robert S. Peck committed suicide at New London, Connecticut, by taking laudanum, on the 16th instant. He purchased three ounces, and, it is supposed, took it at one draught. The cause assigned was the refusal of the step-mother of a young lady in Groton, to whom he was paying attentions, to marry her before the return of her father in November. It is said that on Thursday he procured new clothes, and went to Groton for the purpose of marrying, and on being refused the assent of the mother until the return of the father of the girl, he returned to New London, and after brooding over it, committed the deed.

The London *Racing Times* says: "Mr. Ten Broeck must feel highly satisfied with his share of the Goodwood spoils, having won the stakes, Bentinck Memorial, and Nursery, and a large sum in bets likewise. The only winners of any consequence are Mr. Ten Broeck and his compatriot, Harlan, the owner of the other American team in this country, but the latter's gains are only a little over £2000. We understand the total winnings of Mr. Ten Broeck, in stakes and bets, are very little short of £40,000."

Dr. J. D. Foster, who came near killing Dr. Choppin, at New Orleans, in a pistol encounter, two weeks ago, was released from his bail bond last Friday week. Dr. Choppin declined to prosecute him, and no one else appeared against him.

The Schenectady *Star* says that Dr. Nott, the venerable President of Union College, is now able to walk out, and with more ease than at any previous time within the last ten years. It says that he now walks a quarter of a mile (from South to North College and back) with one cane, while he formerly required two. His late severe illness has not only entirely passed away, but has left him with more strength and in better health than before, though he is now in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. David Melville, of Newport, Rhode Island, is said to have been the first person to introduce the gas-light into this country. In the year 1813 he lighted his residence in Newport, a factory in Pawtucket, and Beavertail light-house in this way.

Perley Putnam, Esq., the Street Commissioner of Salem, though over eighty years of age, still superintends the public interests with remarkable punctuality and care, and wisely and well.

Mrs. Blandina Dudley recently conveyed to two children of Rutger B. Miller all the property she possessed, reserving to herself only an annual income of $4000 during her life. The circumstances under which the paper was executed seemed to leave no doubt that Mrs. Dudley never intended such a disposition of her estate. Indeed, she denied ever having executed such a paper. Ex-Governor King was chosen mediator, and after some negotiation it was agreed that Mr. Miller should assent to a revocation of the deed, he being paid $10,000 cash for the interest of his children. But this has now been upset by the refusal of Mrs. Dudley, acting by advice of counsel, to pay the $10,000. So the matter goes to the courts, where the life of the old lady and the estate may both be exhausted.

An offer of marriage has recently been made by the Duke of Rutland to the Princess Mary, sister of the Duke of Cambridge, which the latter, who no longer boasts of the charms of youth, is rather anxious to accept. Her consent, however, is not sufficient, as by the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, passed some ninety years ago, in the reign of George III., no member of the reigning family can legally contract matrimony without the assent of the sovereign personally declared, and Queen Victoria objects to granting the requisite license.

A Newport correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* says: "Hon. W. C. Rives, of Virginia, having finished the proof-reading of his first volume of the 'Life of Madison,' has gone hence to visit friends on the Hudson River."

The cowhiding of Mr. Messenger in Worcester by Mrs. Wheelock has been settled by the court fining the woman and her husband ten dollars each.

Mr. Leutze, the artist, is at West Point, engaged on a painting of the capture of a cannon at Princeton, with Washington in the act of leading on his men, as he says, "Now, boys, the day is our own!"

Governor Morgan visited the Renssalaer County Fair on Friday last, and made a speech, in the course of which he said: "I have been a farmer—a genuine, hard working farmer—and it is in the hope that my voice will reach the ear of every young man present, that I assert there is not an individual in the County of Rensselaer who commenced earlier, labored harder, and had fewer advantages than I, prior to the age of seventeen; and if I have obtained any measure of success in life, it is entirely owing to habits inculcated, discipline practiced, and lessons learned on my father's farm."

The Utica *Herald* thus describes Mr. Fernando Wood, of New York:

"Fernando Wood is the Mephistophiles of politicians. He is the 'mildest mannered man' that ever packed a caucus or got up a row. He is what boarding-school misses would call a 'love of a man.' His form is slender, but faultlessly proportioned, his tread elastic to airiness, and carriage graceful to the last degree. His forehead is broad, without being massive, and his features regular, yet strongly marked. The general expression of his face is that of eternal placidity. He might have sat for the portrait of 'Oily Gammon,' in 'Ten Thousand a Year;' and were it not for that pitiless eye and those closely-compressed lips, you might mistake him for a moral reformer or a Home Missionary Society agent. The face of Louis Napoleon is not more sphynx-like in its expression. Without the apparent dullness of the latter, it has all its inscrutability. We watched it narrowly during that terrible row at Syracuse, and except that it was a shade paler, you could not have known that a human passion had ever stirred it. He has, in an eminent degree, the elements of a successful modern politician. He is cool, intrepid, shrewd; a man who would stand head and shoulders above his Democratic rivals in the State."

Mr. Ward, the United States Minister to China, was presented to the Imperial Commissioners on the 2d of June. He was attended by W. W. Ward, Secretary of Legation; S. Wells Williams, Interpreter to Legation; W. A. P. Martin, and W. Atchison, Interpreters, and George W. Heard, and James L. Lurman, Attachés. The party went into the City of Shanghai in sedan-chairs, carried by liveried Celestials, and escorted by the marines from the *Powhatan* and *Mississippi*, with a very good band of music.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

We read in the London *Times* of September 7:

"At length, after having encountered every vicissitude to which a commercial speculation could be exposed, and endured every danger most calculated to test the strength and stability of the ship itself, the *Great Eastern* for the first time cast off her moorings yesterday morning, and in the course of a few hours was safely towed to Purfleet.

"Mr. Atkinson, the pilot to whose well-known care and skill this noble vessel was intrusted, came on board the previous night, and his assistants soon after dawn yesterday.

"Captain Harrison and the pilot took their places on the starbord paddle-box. Mr. Scott Russell remained on the bridge to direct the action of the engines, both of which (screw and paddle) were under steam. Captain Comstock, one of the ablest American navigators, who brought the *General Admiral* over to this country, stood aft to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, as

Mr. Langley's new steering apparatus was not completely fitted.

"Precisely at a quarter past seven the last moorings were let go. The screw engines started first, working beautifully, without noise, heat, or even apparent vibration; and when the paddle machinery came into play, a few revolutions sufficed to get her head round to the point required.

"Then was the order given to go ahead slowly, and for the first time the *Great Eastern* started into motion, and with the slow majestic beat of her huge paddles moved grandly down the river.

HOW SHE STEERED.

"The very first turn at Greenwich showed Captain Harrison and all the officers of the vessel that the great ship was as thoroughly under command as a river steamboat, and that the only difficulty to be overcome, or rather to contend against, was her length in turning the sharp curves of the river at Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich.

"The vessel's draught was 21 feet 10 inches aft, and 22 feet 3 inches forward—about the very worst trim in which she could have left her moorings, being down by the head 5 inches instead of some 5 feet down by the stern. Twenty-three or 24 feet may appear no great depth of water, but when it is recollected that this was the minimum required at the turnings, and over a length of 800 feet, which is more than the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, it will be seen at once that these angles were at first regarded with a certain amount of anxiety and distrust. A few moves of the vessel, however, showed that she was perfectly in hand. She steered as easily as a wager-boat, and her engines were found capable of starting her into motion or arresting her progress literally almost by the single movement of the hand.

THE CRISIS AT BLACKWALL POINT.

"Blackwall Point was, indeed, the turning point in the fortunes of the *Great Eastern*. The river at this place forms an acute angle, round which the tide sweeps with strong but most unequal force. The admirable manner in which Captain Harrison and the pilot, Mr. Atkinson, managed the ship, the power and regularity with which the engines worked, would, if left unobstructed, have soon got the vessel round this place. But, of course, right in the centre of the river, a bark (the *Kingfisher*) was moored, while a little beyond her lay a schooner in such a manner as effectually to block the 'fairway' down the stream. The tugs were signaled to get the *Great Eastern's* head round, and tried to do so, but the strain was too much; at the most critical moment two of the hawsers parted, and for a few minutes the noble vessel was, beyond a doubt, in a perilous position, as the sweep of the tide was strong, and in an instant drove her toward shore. Nothing but the great power of her own engines saved her here, though it was a delicate matter to use them properly. It was necessary instantly to counteract the influence of the tide and get her head off shore; but, at the same time, to do so in such a manner as would not give way enough to take her on shore on the opposite side of the river. Fortunately this was effected, fresh hawsers were passed to the tugs, the bark, the cause of all the peril, shipped her anchor, and, after an anxious delay of some ten or fifteen minutes, the *Great Eastern* worked slowly round and turned the point of danger."

She anchored that day at Purfleet.

THE BIG SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

The same writer describes her that night: "It was not till night had fallen that the great ship was fairly left alone, and began swinging round to her anchor with the rising tide. The night was a little puffy, and seemed inclined to become more so, but the wind fell as the moon rose, and the weather eventually settled down into a dead calm. It took upward of an hour for the tide to turn the ship fully round, and at low water, as she lay across the river for a short time in turning, she might almost be said to have stopped the navigation with her colossal bulk. During the night she swung twice again, and by daylight was lying with her head fair for the resumption of her course down the river. It seems almost incredible that a ship of such a size could have swung in any part of the Thames, but only nautical men can appreciate the fact of her doing so in a strong tide-way with a single six-ton anchor, which was crossed and recrossed no less than three times without the chain fouling it or the anchor being disturbed in its hold."

THE TUGS CAST OFF.

Next day the voyage was resumed. Gravesend was passed, and, in the language of the London *Times* reporter, "the water began to change its tint from dirty black to muddy green, the cool air came fresher across the reaches, and those on board rejoiced at last at the long-wished-for approach of sea-water.

"The transaction was marked in the usual disagreeable manner, by the boilers 'priming,' as it is termed, and throwing showers of muddy water from the steam-pipes over all the deck. This unpleasant inauguration, however, was soon over as sea-water was fairly gained, and preparations were made for casting off the tugs, and leaving the *Great Eastern* for once, and for all, upon her own resources.

"The tugs were cast off the Chapman's Head, at the top of Sea Reach, the passenger's with the ship's band being assembled aft, and the crew forward. The national anthem was played as the smoky auxiliaries left her head to her own control, the passengers cheering from one end of the vessel, while the crew swarmed into the shrouds forward to return the compliment. Thus the tugs were let go, after having performed their arduous duty, under the most difficult circumstances, in a way that commanded the admiration of the most experienced pilots on board. As soon as the vessel was left to herself an increased amount of speed was got on her. This was done, not in the least with a view of testing her power, but literally only to give her good steerage way, and move her engines easily.

HER SPEED DETERMINED.

"Throughout the whole course down the river the paddle engines had never been moved at a greater speed than from four to six revolutions per minute, and the screw at from twelve to eighteen. In fact, neither engine was moved till it became actually necessary to assist the tugs. Yesterday, however, when our valuable little aids, which had realized the fable of the mouse and the lion and freed the *Great Eastern* from all her river toils, were cast adrift at Chapman's Head, more speed was put upon the vessel, and in ten minutes she set at rest forever all doubt as to her being the fastest vessel beyond comparison in the world. It has already been stated that the proper sea-going trim of the *Great Eastern* is a little over four feet down by the stern. Instead of this she is at present six inches down by the head, while her whole draught of water is too light to allow the proper immersion to her paddle floats, and no less than four feet of her screw blades are out of water.

"Any one at all acquainted with steamships will see that an attempt at the real speed under such circumstances was out of the question. Yet even in this trim enough was done to show the marvelous power which this vessel will possess when fully ready for sea. At sea the *Great Eastern* is intended to work at twenty-five pounds of steam, the paddles going fourteen revolutions and the screw fifty-three. To-day the pressure of steam was under seventeen pounds, the paddles never actually reached nine revolutions, and the screw only twenty-seven. Yet even when not employing two-thirds of her power, and in the worst trim against a strong tide, she ran from the Lower Hope point to the Nore light-ship, a distance of fifteen statute miles, in two minutes under the hour. Calculating from this data, it will be found that working to her ordinary sea-going power will give her, even in her present trim, an average of from eighteen to nineteen miles an hour."

The London *Post* says: "Taking into consideration her insufficient immersion, and the consequent imperfect working of the paddle and screw, her maximum speed may be calculated at nineteen knots or twenty-three measured miles an hour, being double the average of any of the subsidized steamers."

NO VIBRATION OR SWELL.

"During the time that the vessel was going at a speed of thirteen knots, or fifteen miles, the engines worked with an ease that, when their size and power are considered, was perfectly astounding. There was scarcely any vibration on the vessel, and, as far as could be gathered from outward objects, one might much easier have imagined one's self writing in a Parisian *salon* than in the state-cabin of the *Great Eastern* flying down to the Nore. One thing connected with the vessel is as remarkable as her other characteristics. Even when going thirteen knots an hour there was an utter absence of 'swell' in in her wake—even less, as far as could be judged from the deck, than is made by the ordinary penny steamers, and not one half as much as was thrown up by our own tugs.

ABSENCE OF MR. BRUNEL.

"There was but one drawback on the enthusiasm and happiness of those who were on board, which was caused by the absence of the eminent man to whom the conception of the ship was due—Mr. Brunel. A severe illness prevented his being present at the first triumph of the grandest idea which has ever been originated in naval architecture."

THE START ON THE TRIAL TRIP.

The following telegrams are the latest intelligence from the *Great Eastern:*

"WHITSTABLE, *Friday, Sept.* 9, 9.30 A.M.

"The *Great Eastern* got under way at 9.15 A.M., and proceeded under steam for Portland. S. W., fresh, with rain."

"MARGATE, *Friday, Sept.* 9, 11 A.M.

"The *Great Eastern* is steaming grandly past Margate. Distance, eight miles from shore."

"DEAL, *Friday, Sept.* 9, 1859.

"The *Great Eastern* passed through the Downs at 1.30 P.M. Wind W.S.W., strong, thick, with rain."

"DOVER, *Friday, Sept.* 9, 3.5 P.M.

"*Great Eastern* passed at 2.45 P.M. Wind W.S.W., strong, thick, rain."

ACCIDENT ON BOARD.

On the afternoon of the 9th, when the *Great Eastern* was off Hastings, a feed-pipe casing in the forward funnel, which had been introduced on the ground of economy in heat and to keep the heat of the funnels from the cabin, exploded with terrific force, blowing the funnel into the air, and tearing to pieces the grand saloon and lower-deck cabins, through which the funnel passed, and otherwise doing great damage to the internal fittings.

Great consternation prevailed on board, but prompt efforts were made to get at the unfortunate men in the engineering department, who were either buried in the rubbish or prostrated by the steam.

Three firemen were found in a dying state, and soon expired, while eight others were injured, two of whom subsequently died.

One fireman was lost overboard, having either fallen into the water or jumped into it to escape scalding.

The injured men were generally progressing favorably, although two or three of them were in a precarious condition.

The numerous guests on board had only quitted the grand saloon, through which the funnel passed, and in which they had been dining a few minutes before the explosion took place. But for this, the consequences would have been most serious.

The explosion is stated to have probably been one of the most terrific which a vessel has ever survived, and which none in the world could have withstood save a structure of such marvelous strength as the *Great Eastern*. She not only resisted it—her frame sustaining no injury whatever—but it made so little difference in the movements of the vessel that the engines were never once stopped till she reached Portland.

INQUEST AND SURVEY.

The Coroner's inquest was commenced at Weymouth on the 12th, and the evidence clearly showed the cause of the explosion to be—

Firstly, the supply of the boilers through the water-jacket of the funnel was stopped because of a failure in the auxiliary pumping power.

Secondly, a stand pipe, which acts as a safety valve, had in it a tap when the casing was hydraulically tested, and that tap was turned, apparently intentionally, so that the pipe was useless.

The inquest was adjourned till the 17th.

Prior to the accident the performance of the vessel was most satisfactory, and she was almost without motion while large vessels in her vicinity were pitching and tossing in a stormy sea.

A survey of the vessel had been held, and estimates sent in to forthwith repair the damage at a cost of not more than £5000, the injury being far less considerable than was at first supposed.

Little, if any, delay would take place in the departure of the ship on her first voyage, but a rumor prevailed that she would not proceed to Holyhead, but sail direct from Portland.

The accident caused a slight decline in the shares of the company, but did not influence the general confidence in the ship.

BRITISH SENTIMENT ON THE NEW BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

The London *Morning Post* has an editorial on the report that General Harney had taken possession of the island of San Juan, or Bellevue, in Puget Sound. It considers it possible that another boundary dispute may arise, and says that the occupation of an island which is still *sub judice* is the exercise of a power to which the British Government can not tamely submit, and hopes that no concessions will be made which are inconsistent with the dignity of the country or the security of the gold regions.

ANOTHER BRUTAL FLOGGING.

Another case of brutal flogging in the army has occurred in England. A private of the 90th Regiment, stationed at Canterbury, had pilfered a silver fork, and, instead of being indicted, as the common law would direct, he was taken before his superiors, and ordered to be flogged. Fifty lashes was the sentence. After receiving twenty-five, he fainted; but, on his recovery, the lash was employed to inflict the rest. The unfortunate man, says a local paper, was conveyed to the hospital in a dangerous state. There was even a rumor that he was dead, though, happily, it is unfounded.

FRANCE.

WHY THE EMPEROR MADE PEACE.

The *Moniteur* publishes a long article explaining the reasons which caused the Emperor to conclude peace, of which the following is a summary:

"The Emperor of Austria had promised to grant concessions on a large scale to Venetia, but requiring as a condition, *sine qua non*, the return of the Archdukes. The Emperor Napoleon accepted these conditions. It is easy to conceive that if, after the conclusion of the peace, the destinies of Italy had been intrusted to men who had more at heart the future of their common fatherland than little partial successes, the aim of their endeavors would have been to develop and not to obstruct the consequences of the treaty of Villafranca, and then Venetia would have been placed in the same position as Luxembourg with Holland. The Archdukes will not be re-established by foreign forces; but that portion of the treaty of Villafranca not being carried out, Austria will find herself freed from all engagements taken in favor of Venetia. Instead of a policy of reconciliation and peace, a policy of defiance and hatred will be seen to reappear, which will entail fresh misfortunes. Much, it would appear, is expected from a Congress, which we hail with all our wishes; but we strongly doubt that the Congress would obtain better conditions for Italy. It would not be right to ask from a great Power important concessions without offering equitable compensations. War would be the only way to resolve the difficulty; but Italy must be aware that one Power alone in Europe makes war for an idea, and that is France; and France has accomplished her mission."

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Emperor and Empress are busily taking the baths at St. Sauveur—the former makes his ablutions at seven, the latter at eight. In the course of the day they make excursions in the neighborhood, and have already been twice to Baréges, where the Government propose to erect a military hospital. The Emperor takes great interest in the projected establishment, and has the plans submitted to him. It is said that his Majesty will order various constructions in the environs of St. Sauveur, but thus far only one operation is certain—the restoration of the old hermitage of St. Pierre, the ruins of which are opposite to the beautiful valley of Luz. The chapel there was formerly a place of pilgrimage, and the hermitage acquired a certain degree of celebrity. The Emperor and Empress are delighted with their new residence. 'I have visited various parts of the Alps,' said the former, 'but I have never seen any thing so pretty as the valley of Luz.' The mountaineers of the neighborhood sing charmingly—simple peasants, utterly ignorant of even the mechanical part of book lore, and with nothing save their ear to guide them in their knowledge of music, withal that they chant the songs of the country with a marvelous taste. A number of these peasants have been serenading their Majesties. The drawing-room in which the imperial personages sat is on the ground-floor, and the moment the singers began the Emperor appeared at the door, shortly followed by the Empress. The Empress seated herself on a chair on the door-steps, with the ladies of honor behind her; and the Emperor, descending among the crowd, stood leaning against the wall. The peasants, a little awed by the imperial proximity, nevertheless acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and their Majesties several times gave the signal of applause. One of the songs was a sort of cantata in honor of the imperial family, and a prayer to God to watch over the Emperor and the imperial Prince, which it contained, drew tears to the eyes of the Empress. When the singers had ceased, the by-standers cried out with great enthusiasm, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' '*Vive l'Imperatrice!*' '*Vive le Prince Imperial!*' The Empress then advanced to the singers, accompanied by the Emperor, and addressed to them her thanks and compliments."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

He adds: "It seems to be a part of imperial policy just now to bring the outer world as much acquainted as possible with the future Napoleon IV. One day a grave statement is put forth of his Imperial Highness's view of the Italian war, in which a certain degree of sympathy is expressed for what he presumes are the unwashed and prayerless Austrians; another day he is confounding the doctors, the waiting-maids, and *dames d'honneur* by his pertinent inquiries as to the manner of keeping up their stockings; and now we are told that, with a walking-stick instead of a fusil, the *petit caporal* of the guard executes his military manœuvres with such grace, promptitude, and martial fire that all the drill-sergeants are struck "of a heap;" and to prove infallibly what an Admirable Crichton is in store for the imperial throne, it is stated that he already speaks English, Spanish, and German with as much facility as French. Pretty well this, for three years old! The authorities have filled up the measure of his Imperial Highness's accomplishments; for doubtless, independent of the languages above specified, he has an Attic idiom of his own, culled from all the rest, which in its way is more abstruse than either."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S FARM.

We read in the *Tribune:* "Louis Napoleon farms very extensively. In addition to the farms on the Crown lands and on estates which have been acquired for him in Sologne and Landes, he occupies, as tenant of the State, a vast tract in Champagne. At the present time the extent of land farmed by the Emperor is about 50,000 acres. The extent may be increased considerably at any time by reclaiming lands in his possession, but not in cultivation. The number of farms is twenty-six, and nine additional farms are to be formed in the course of the year and incoming spring, thus making thirty-five farms. The number of new steadings and those in course of erection is twenty. Besides the lands farmed, there are grazings in the domains or parks of St. Cloud, Versailles, Madon, St. Germain, Champagne, Fontainebleau, Biarritz, Senart, Vincennes, etc. Portions of these are in grass, and portions are forest. In addition to the estates at Sologne and Landes, the Emperor has purchased a property in the south of France, near to Bayonne, consisting of 2500 acres, which is being drained and put under cultivation. The lands were originally a morass; part is still to reclaim. It is understood that after the estate has been thoroughly improved it will be presented by the Emperor to the present Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Walewski. In the centre of the barren lands of Bretagne the cousin of the Emperor, Princess Baciocchi, is reclaiming an extensive estate out of heath. The whole lands farmed by the Emperor are being reclaimed and cultivated upon the systems the best suited for the character of the soils, climates, and situations. These farms are in different parts of France, and chiefly in the less improved districts."

A FEMALE SWINDLER.

The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives the following account of an extraordinarily clever and brilliant "fast" woman, whose power of fascinating and beggaring men has been wonderful:

"Among the young spendthrifts noticed in the journals of the day is the name of a Prussian prince, Count or Baron Enchel, who has eaten up, in less than four years, a fortune of more than six million francs, all for the sweet eyes of a woman well known in Paris as the Marchioness of Païva. The history of this woman is curious. She was observed in Russia, where she was born of Jewish parents, by a great pianist, who conceived for her a passion justified by her beauty, and above all, by her knowledge and intelligence. She spoke seven languages perfectly. The pianist brought her with him to Paris, where he had the weakness to present her as a legitimate wife in society, and even at a court ball. At this ball she made such an impression on one of the princes of the Orleans family that she attracted him to the home of the man whose name she bore. Borne down by his excessive expenses, the artist quitted France for a time to mend his fortunes abroad. His companion, left at home during his absence, quitted it one fine morning to follow Lord Ward, known in London by his conquests of this kind. The nobleman did not retain her long; he economized too much the wealth of which she was greedy. Returned to Paris in quest of a new position, which was the height of her ambition, she encountered the young Marquis of Païva, brother of the Portuguese Embassador, whom she so fascinated that he espoused her legally and religiously, promising her a million francs in case they should separate from incompatibility of temper. This eventuality was not long in coming. The new Marchioness could not consent to live in the heart of Portugal, whither her husband had taken her; so, after making useless efforts to retain her, he counted out the million and let her go. At the end of a year the million had vanished; so the Marchioness was obliged to sell furniture, horses, and carriages, and to take refuge in furnished lodgings, where she spent her last cent. She had not the wherewithal to pay for a dinner, when she met a friend, to whom she told her condition, and who offered her a meal at the Restaurant Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées. In the conversation at dinner she told him that here she would soon be a millionaire or drowned; that this was her unchangeable resolution and the vision of her slumber. While saying this she held in her hand a journal, and her eyes rested on an extract from a Prussian gazette, relative to the decease of a Prussian personage who left a fortune of ten to twelve millions to his two young unmarried nephews. She read this several times, became thoughtful, and four days afterward she left for Prussia, with a thousand francs, borrowed from her acquaintances. She was presented afterward, I know not how, to the eldest of the heirs. But he was a species of Nimrod herdsman, who had no passion but the chase. She addressed herself to the cadet of the family. He, just coming from school, was of nature sweet and sensitive as that of his brother was rude. He was an easy prey; and hardly had the adroit huntress caught him in her toils than the death of his brother doubled his fortune. He followed his tempter to Paris, and surrendered himself to her with such abandonment, that I have heard that young man, endowed nobly in body and mind—who knew all the antecedents of her who had seduced him—express his regret that she was not a widow, so that he could bestow upon her his name, as he had his fortune. He was hardly twenty-eight years old, while she was over forty! He covered her with the rarest diamonds and pearls that could be found. He bought for her a country seat near Paris, which is a princely chateau. She gave every week splendid dinners, but she had for guests only men, and this tormented her. Her ambition, when all else was satisfied, was to attract to her, by her splendid style of life, women who were not of the demi-monde. This impossible thing caused her to blush amidst her opulence. Hoping to triumph over this obstacle by softening the conscience of the public, she commenced to build in the great avenue of the Champs Elysées a mansion which would be a wonder. The staircase is entirely of onyx, and the dining-room of malachite. But the work has been suspended, after an expense of two or three million francs. The poor rich man has come to the end of his millions, after reaching that of his illusions!"

GERMANY.

TERRIBLE EXECUTION.

A man named Voigt and his wife have, after a great delay, been executed at Brandenburg for having murdered, by means of phosphorus, a person named Schade, by whom they had been employed as laborers in that neighborhood. The crime, when committed, created a great sensation, and its punishment now has likewise attracted much notice, as no execution had taken place there for nearly twenty-three years. In Prussia there is on such occasions no public exhibition of the criminals, but the extreme penalty of the law is carried into effect in the "inner court" of the prison, in presence of a magistrate and his clerk, by whom a report of the proceedings is drawn up, and there are also present a delegate from the public prosecutor, two medical men, and a clergyman of the communion to which the convicts may have professed to belong, besides twelve citizens selected by lot from the list of those who are qualified to sit on juries, who thus are supposed to represent the people. On the present occasion, as there is no "inner court" in the prison at Brandenburg, the prisoners met their fate in one of the apartments of the jail. The woman, when the announcement was made that all was ready, fell into a swoon, from which she did not recover, and in that state her head was laid on the block and severed from her body at one blow. The man was perfectly composed, and after repeating word by word a prayer offered up by the Lutheran clergyman who was present, he was beheaded in a moment, and an official intimation of what had taken place was immediately affixed to the corners of every street, that all might know that the demands of the law had been fully satisfied.

ITALY.

THE DUCHIES.

The National Assembly of Bologna, on the 7th, adopted a resolution declaring that the people of Bologna desire annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Sardinia under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel. Bologna was illuminated in honor of the event. The Assembly also authorized its President to present an address to the Emperor Napoleon and King of Sardinia, expressing sympathies for Venetia, and offering to make peculiar sacrifices in her favor.

The National Assembly of Parma was opened on the 7th with great solemnity. The Dictator Farini delivered an address, in which he reviewed the history of the Bourbons, and terminated amidst cries of "Vivi Victor Emanuel!" The city was *en fête*.

CHINA.

GREAT DEFEAT OF THE EUROPEANS.

The China mail arrived in London on September 14, bringing complete accounts of the Peiho affair, which resulted in the total defeat of the British forces, with no less than five gun-boats and about a third of the whole force engaged.

The mouth of the river was effectually barred by iron stakes and booms. This bar was raked by the fire of the newly constructed forts on the other side of the river, mounting ninety to one hundred guns.

Admiral Hope's appearance in the first instance was unmistakably pacific; a solitary man-of-war boat carried in his first message, the *Fury* and two gun-boats being left outside the bar while the rest of the squadron was lying thirty miles off.

The embassadors finding no proper officers to receive them, decided to remove the bar and pass up the river.

Six or seven hours, however, were spent in vain endeavors to effect this, and during that time not a gun was fired from the forts, although the gun-boats were at a distance of 500 to 700 yards only, and some of them had got aground.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE.

At 1.30 P.M. the signal for action was run up, and the *Opossum* and *Plover* pushed in close up to the first barrier.

Suddenly, about 2 P.M., the guns in the forts opened fire, and the action became general. The fire of the Chinese, both in weight and precision, was such as was never before experienced at their hands.

In about two hours the fire of the Chinese began to slacken, and was soon afterward almost silenced, although every shot of theirs told, while the British guns did comparatively little damage to the mud walls.

At about 5 P.M. the signal was made for the troops to land, and there were then no doubts of a speedy victory. Just as the first boat touched the shore the forts opened a perfect hurricane of shell, gingall, balls, and rockets, which mowed down the men as they landed. The ships threw in as heavy a covering fire as they possibly could. The enemy's fire continued so heavy, and the mud on landing being up to the knees, and sometimes to the waist, that out of one thousand men who landed, barely one hundred reached the first of the three wide and deep ditches which, after some five hundred yards of wading through the mud, presented themselves.

Of the gallant few who got through the mud difficulties scarcely twenty had been able to keep their rifles or ammunition dry. Nevertheless, they boldly faced the ditches, and some fifty of them, including a crowd of officers, succeeded in getting as far as the third ditch. They would certainly have made a good attempt to scale the walls, but their ladders had either been broken by shot or had stuck in the mud. With the one ladder, however, which remained, ten devoted men sprang forward, three of whom were immediately shot dead and five wounded severely. A vertical fire of arrows, as well as a constant fusilade, was kept up on the select band who now crowded in the ditch, waiting, but in vain, for reinforcements.

RESULTS OF THE ACTION.

Orders were at last given to retire, and in effecting the retreat, probably more lives were lost than in advancing, as the Chinese, by means of blue lights, discovered the position of the men, and shot them down like birds. Many boats had also been smashed by shots, and there were not enough to take off the survivors.

Several boats full of wounded were struck by the balls and swamped.

The belief was universal throughout the squadron that Europeans manned the batteries as well as the Chinese. Men in gray coats, with closely cropped hair and Russian features, were distinctly visible. The whole of the fortifications were evidently of European designing.

The total number of killed and wounded on the side of the British was 464.

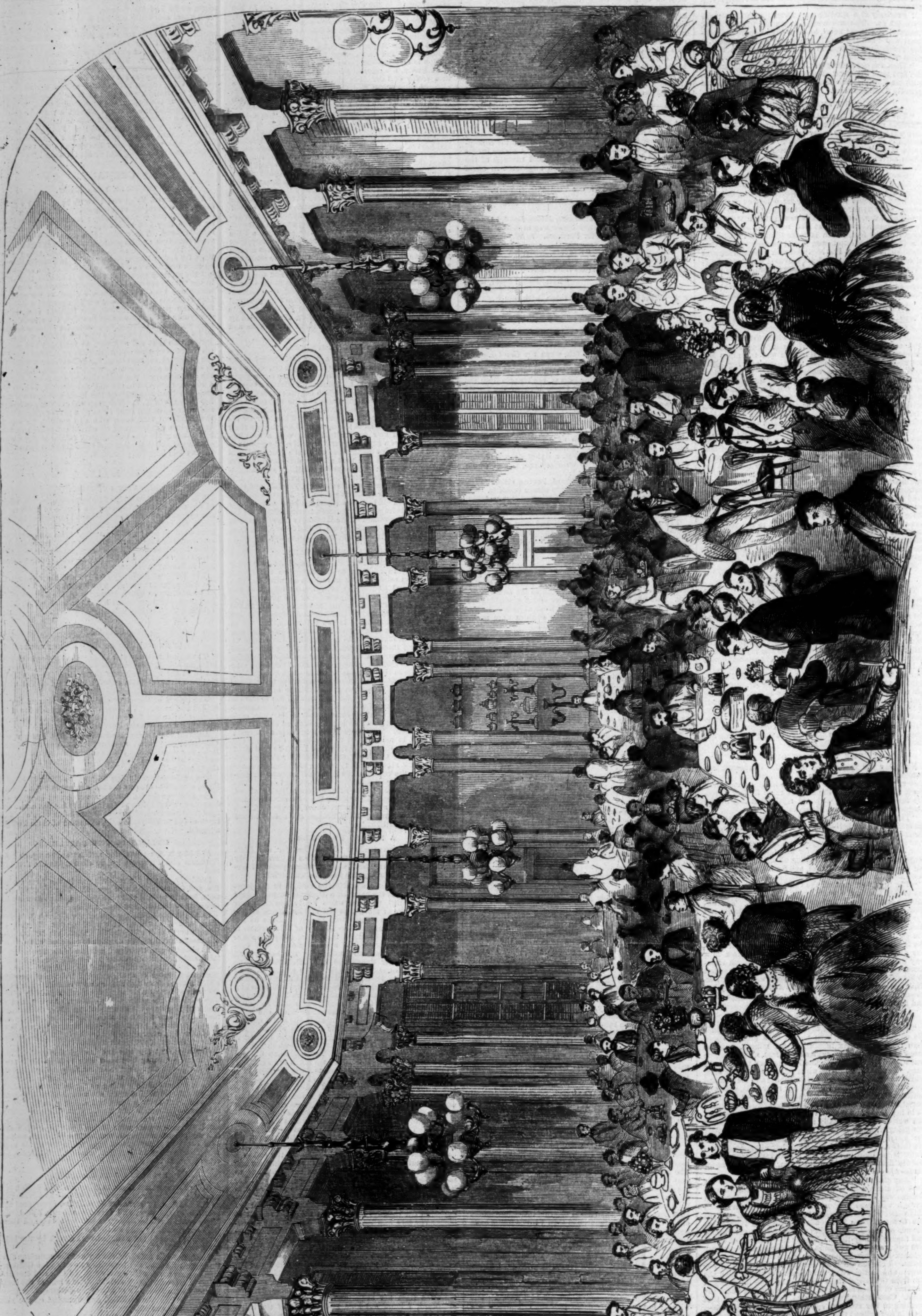
The French had four killed and ten wounded.

Of the Marine brigade one officer was killed and fifteen wounded; of the non-commissioned officers and men 27 were killed and 127 wounded.

Admiral Hope was severely wounded, as also were several other prominent officers.

Some of the wounds are said to have been inflicted by Minié balls.

The Americans towed up several boats into action, and after the action took out to their respective ships a number of men.



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, ON MADISON SQUARE.

LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

EXTERIOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.

WE present our readers on the two preceding pages with views of the new hotel in Madison Square—entitled, we believe, the Fifth Avenue Hotel—to wit, the dining-room, the ladies' drawing-room, and an exterior view. The building is an imposing one, and efforts have been judiciously made to attract general attention to the new enterprise.

As a hotel, the Fifth Avenue concern presents no striking peculiarities. It is very large; it covers the whole of an irregular block on Madison Square. It is built of white marble; architecturally considered it is not very handsome, but seems suitable—that is to say, the space is economically and wisely used. The number of guests who can find a resting-place in the new hotel is large; the number of bedrooms is said to be 500, and the dining-room will seat, we were told, 600 persons. This latter feat would, we imagine, involve some crowding. The room contains twelve tables, each of which appears to seat about twenty-five people: the total would thus be three, not six, hundred. But by substituting round for the present oblong tables, and curtailing the space allotted to waiters, no doubt the number of guests might be very much increased. The dining-room is very handsome—long, but so broad that its length is not conspicuous; the walls alternate windows and pier-glasses; the show of silver and plate dazzling and agreeable. It is relieved by two subordinate eating-rooms—one on either side—a breakfast and a tea room, both snug and comfortable.

The drawing-rooms do not differ from those of the other hotels. They are furnished in the usual hotel style, with heavy masses of gilt wood, rich crimson or green curtains, extremely handsome rose-wood and brocatelle suits, rich carpets, and so forth; the whole presenting about as handsome and as comfortless an appearance as any one need wish for. But, as we said, in this respect these rooms differ in no material point from those of the St. Nicholas, the Everett, or any other first-class house. The only advantage they possess consists in a very fine view upon Madison Square.

The bedrooms are the conventional chambers of first-class hotels. Beds, bedding, carpet, bureau, easy chair, etc., etc., all are the usual thing; all good and handsome of their kind. Many of the rooms are said to be provided with separate bathrooms. We examined a few of these rooms. Most of them are provided with sets of rich brocatelle furniture—so glossy and apt to grow spotty that we can not conceive any human being comfortable in its presence. Where is the sane man or woman who wants to have furniture covered with light-blue brocatelle in his or her bedroom? Does any one suppose that William B. Astor or Commodore Vanderbilt sleeps surrounded by brocatelle? No, no; these persons and all other sensible people want in their chambers furniture on which they can lounge at their ease—furniture which they are not afraid of staining or spoiling by sitting upon it, or using it legitimately. If you are a Goth, of course, and don't care about ruining other people's property, you may go and stay at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; you may with your dirty boots, in one evening, ruin a carpet worth fifty dollars; with a muddy coat destroy a light-blue couch or easy chair which cost as much; and if you share the popular fancy for raising your feet above your head, you may destroy in doing so a couple of smaller chairs each worth twenty-five dollars. But if you are a Christian gentleman, you will shrink from such wanton destruction, and will, in the state chambers of the grand Fifth Avenue Hotel, sigh for a barn or a comfortable room in a country inn, where you can take your ease in your own way, without trampling brocatelle or Brussels tapestry out of shape and color.

It is indeed high time that we Americans began to exercise a little common sense in this hotel matter. We have bragged about our hotels till innocent foreigners have begun to believe that we were ahead of Europe in that particular; whereas, in fact, our hotel life is nothing but a sort of barbaric splendor which ruins hotel-keepers, and renders dwellers in hotels infinitely wretched. There is no point worth mentioning in which American hotels are not vastly inferior to the same class of establishments in Great Britain and France.

In the first place, what can be more preposterous than to establish a fixed rate of fare at hotels? Big, fat, bloated, blustering Guzzle goes to the Astor House for a week, and, in virtue of his standing and his paunch, gets a room near the dining-saloon—a large airy room, looking on the Park, with lounge, arm-chairs, pier-glasses, Brussels carpet, and other furniture, all rich and luxurious; at dinner he eats *paté de foie gras*, and woodcock; at breakfast he will have salmon at fifty cents a pound; at supper he has elaborate little dishes, which exercise an experienced cook for an hour or two, and cost nameless sums; for all which Guzzle pays $2 50 per day. At the same time the Reverend John Jones arrives from his village to attend the May meetings. He is happy in the possession of a room under the tiles, which he shares with his presiding elder. He takes a cup of weak tea for breakfast and a small slice of beef at dinner; he has no supper. He employs no servants, four or five of whom are perpetually engrossed by Guzzle. Yet Rev. Jones pays the fixed $2 50 a day—not a mill less. Need we add that Guzzle swindles the inn-keeper of some $5 or $6 a day, while the Rev. J. Jones pays twice as much as he should?

Again, what a monstrous folly is this furnishing with rose-wood and brocatelle! Who among us wants to live, to lounge, to dandle his children, and to eat his daily dinner off sofas worth $200? Even the poor snobs, who, having made money, get this preposterous furniture into their houses, would be shocked at the idea of using it; they keep it for show, and live in holes and corners, basements, and extension-rooms, which are furnished with chairs and sofas and carpets fit for real use. We confess that we experienced a feeling of disappointment when we discovered that the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel had fallen into the common error in this respect, and had furnished their hotel in such a manner as to entail enormous expense on themselves, and to preclude their guests from enjoying practical comfort.

The time will come when we shall have hotels in New York which shall be popular and profitable. These hotels will be plainly but solidly furnished; with such chairs, sofas, tables, carpets, and beds as men of means and reasonable habits have in their own houses, and use day after day; without glittering gold and silk and varnish; but with—what very few first-class hotels in New York now offer—a real substantial air of home comfort about them. Such hotels will not supply their guests with every delicacy of the season for the price of a plain beef-steak; nor will they charge the Rev. Jones what would keep Jones's family for a week. They will give every man the food he wants, and charge him according to his appetite—Guzzle, $10 a day; Jones, 75 cents. Such hotels would soon be too small for their guests, and a fortune to their owners.

Hotel-keeping in New York is not a profitable business. We understand that the leading hotels do not generally yield a fair return for the capital and skill invested. One of the most profitable, as we understand, is the Astor House, which the owner, Mr. Astor, is said to have leased at a very low rent to Mr. Stetson, in order, as he is reported to have said, that the character of the house might be kept up. The other first-class houses are said to be very doubtful property; sometimes profitable, sometimes the contrary; fluctuating according to the circumstances of the people at large, and in consequence of the cardinal errors we have mentioned in our hotel system.

We shall have at last to adopt the European system of feeding and charging; and we can only regret that the proprietors of the new Fifth Avenue house, when they had so fine a chance of starting the new fashion, had not the courage to avail themselves of it. Perhaps, however, they knew their own business better than their critics do. There may be a fondness among hotel-goers for brocatelle and rose-wood: our country friends may insist, when they visit the city, on splendors which no millionaire here thinks of needing. We shall see by-and-by.

BABY SEAMSTRESSES.

WE take from the *Englishwoman's Journal* some part of a record of experience that will tell something new of London life to many of our readers. A dirty paper in a dirty window of a court advertised for several little girls, about five or six years of age, that were "kick" at the hemming. Other such papers had been observed, and the writer made up her mind to see the "little girls." Ascent was made to a particular garret:

"It was a small and very wretched apartment, containing a bed and one chair, the seat of authority. There was no table, but there were three low forms, which were perpetually tumbling over, and on these forms were seated eleven 'little girls;' the four on the front form could hardly, any of them, have seen six years, one of them was 'going of five.' The four behind were about seven, perhaps, and there was one very well-behaved girl on the hindermost seat, who might be ten, and two others a year or two younger. The eldest girl had evidently all the fixing and all the responsibility, and was the only one among the number that had money remuneration; she also had the 'taking in.' They were 'on slops;' the little things on the front form doing the hemming, while the others were steadily at work on 'band and gusset and seam.' Perfect silence was the rule, but the little hemmers were continually transgressing it. They all seemed in the utmost distress: one declaring, with many tears, that somebody had *made* her lose her needle; the accused protesting that she 'didn't make her lose it, for she lost it her own self, and so that was a story that she had told.' Then another complained that a neighbor had said 'she hadn't done the most, and the neighbor wouldn't measure.' The poor old woman had scarcely pacified them when the little girl 'going of five,' a perfectly cleanly, lovable, kissable little creature, burst forth with a most grievous lamentation, because somebody behind had said that her 'father was tyansported, and he wasn't tyansported, because he had gone in a bootiful sip.' Hereupon the old woman threatened to 'bang' the offender, and she confirmed the story of the 'bootiful sip.' But the wicked girl continued to nod persistently as the little thing looked over her shoulder. Then followed another burst of grief, for 'she had said so again.'

"And now the old woman proceeded to execute her threat, to 'bang' the tormentor. The operation was quite an orthodox, grandmotherly affair, after which there was a temporary silence. The little morsel, we were grieved to see, had hemmed nearly a yard of calico in the neatest manner, but all along there were crimson specks of blood, showing how sadly the little finger must have been pierced. In recompense for her industry, she was permitted for a few moments to contemplate the perfections of a new little pocket-handkerchief, on which was an inscription and illustration of 'Hoop de dooden do,' and then her little eyelids drooped. Oblivion was gently stealing the image of the grotesque figure on the handkerchief and the image of the torturing shirt, and withdrawing all the dreary surroundings of misery. The expression of petulance and pain relaxed; she was asleep.

"Intelligence of this fact was instantly reported, but the old woman graciously permitted her a few minutes, declaring that she was worth two of the informer, and would get her *task* done first.

"For the making of the shirt of which this baby did the hemming, a whole day's hard work of course, and which had also expended on it another day's cruel labor on band and gusset and seam, the old woman received twopence-halfpenny, or, in the phraseology of the trade, the little girls were on slops at half-a-crown a dozen. The mothers were out in the city, most of them at least, at various kinds of employment, and were glad to have their children taken care of and taught to sew besides. The old woman made them each a mug of warm coffee during the day, and took care they didn't eat all their victuals at once. *They hadn't half enough to eat.* We inquired how the good woman would find room for several additional hands. She explained that some of the older girls were going to work with their mothers; that the 'hemmers' would be promoted to 'band,' etc. The little sleeper to be one of those so promoted. She wanted two or three 'little uns for the hemming, but they were always so slow at first, they did nothing but adjust their thimbles and lose their needles; they were more trouble than use at first;' however, they soon got to be useful, though it appeared that some unprincipled mothers withdrew them as soon as they began to be useful and could thread their own needles. Indeed one hardly knew whether the poor old woman or the little seamstresses were most to be pitied."

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

WHEN we are all wise, Marvels of Science may, perhaps, content the common thirst for wonderment as well as it has heretofore been satisfied by curiosities of Superstition. Certain it is that the imagination claims its daily food, and demands wonderful facts, false or true—but in either case strange matter that is credited—as one part of its diet. Wonders will never cease out of the world. The greatest of philosophers and the most ignorant of village crones wonder alike, as they eat alike, only they do not feed from the same dishes.

The superstitions of the country side, still vigorous in many a farm and village throughout every British county, are the relics of a body of science that once rested on the names of Plato and of Pliny, and was cherished by philosophers in Europe till about three hundred years ago. Much that appears most ridiculous in folk-lore may be traced back to its origin among all that was most learned in a by-gone day. To study superstition seriously is worth while; and in aid of those who would do so, a contemporary journal, that "when found, makes note of" all the waifs and strays of knowledge scattered up and down the land, for the assistance and amusement of the learned, has for some years past been a gatherer of old wives' tales. A volume of Choice Notes from Notes and Queries, taking folk-lore for its subject, now contains the pith of many thousand entries. From these notes we gather and arrange an illustration or two of this feature in our social history.

Superstition deals with a man's life before his birth, and does not part from him at death. To determine the sex of an unborn child, get help, if you want it, to eat up a shoulder of mutton at a supper; hold the bladebone before the fire till it is so far charred that your two thumbs may be thrust in two places through the thinnest part; put a string through the two holes so made, and tie it in a knot; then hang the bladebone by the string upon a nail outside the house-door, and go to bed. The sex of the first person ignorant of the charm who enters in the morning will be the sex of the child in question. This was tried once in a house where the first comers were always women; but, on the critical morning, it was a remarkable fact that a man first entered, and, six weeks later, it was truly a man child that was born.

To be born with a caul is lucky. A child born on Christmas Day, or in chime hours, will be able to see spirits.

> Born on a Sunday, a gentleman;
> Born on a Monday, fair in face;
> Born on a Tuesday, full of grace;
> Born on a Wednesday, sour and grum;
> Born on a Thursday, welcome home;
> Born on a Friday, free in giving;
> Born on a Saturday, work hard for your living.

A May baby's always sickly. You may try, but you'll never rear it. Rock the cradle when the baby is not in it, and the child will die. Children with much down upon their arms or hands are born to be rich. A child that does not cry at baptism is too good to live. If several children are baptized together, and the girls are taken to the font before the boys, the boys will have no beards when they are men. Persons called Agnes always go mad. If a child's finger-nails are cut before it is a year old, it will live to be a thief. If they want trimming within that age, they are to be trimmed by biting. If you wish well to your friend's child, you must give it, when it first comes to your house, a cake, a little salt, and an egg. When a child has the thrush, say the Eighth Psalm over it three times daily for three days; or you may catch a duck, and hold its bill wide open in the child's mouth. The cold breath of the duck will cause the disease slowly and surely to depart. Whooping-cough never will be taken by a child that has ridden upon a bear. When bear-baiting was in fashion this belief yielded a part of his income to the bear-owner. Roast mouse cures the measles. A consumptive infant should be carried through a flock of sheep as it is let out of the fold, early in the morning. The weaning of a child should begin on Good Friday.

Between birth and death we may indulge in thousands of these fancies, which are still credited by some people in England. If I eat an egg, I must finish by making a hole in the shell, or the witches will sail out in it to wreck the ships; and, considering the price of eggs, I may refrain from burning egg-shells, because if I do so the hens cease to lay. If I have the cramp of nights, I may cross my shoes and stockings when I take them off, or put my slippers under the bed, with the soles upward. If I have a sty in the eye, I may pull a hair out of the tail of a black cat, and rub the tip nine times over the pustule. I may know that I am going to receive money if I find a spider on my clothes, and am not bound to accept Fuller's moral to the saying. "The moral is this: such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature may, by God's blessing, weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate." If I meet a white horse, I may know that I must spit at it. I may rejoice in having teeth set far apart, because that makes me lucky and a traveler. If my keys, or pen-knife, or any steel thing that I have, will rust, in spite of any care, I may be sure that somebody is laying money by for me. I may know how lucky it is to find old iron and hoard up old pot-lids and horse-shoes discovered in the public road, by the fortune this thrifty habit accumulates. Seven years' trouble, but no want, is the sentence I may hear mystically pronounced upon me if I break a looking-glass. If my left palm itches, money goes out; if the right, money comes in.

> Rub it 'gainst wood,
> 'Tis sure to come good.

If my knee itches, I shall kneel in a strange church; if the sole of my foot, I shall walk over strange ground; if the elbow, I shall sleep with a strange bedfellow. If my ear tingles, I am to hear sudden news. If I shiver, or feel cold in the back, somebody treads over my future grave. If my cheek burn, somebody talks scandal of me. If I hear a singing in my right ear, somebody praises me; if in the left ear, somebody abuses me, and I may punish him by biting sharply into my own little finger; in so doing I bite his evil tongue. If I have my clothes mended on my back, I am to be ill spoken of. At church I may take good heed of the preacher's text, knowing that all texts heard in church will have to be repeated on the Judgment-day. If the clock strikes while the text is being given, death may be expected in the parish. Of course I may know that it is unlucky to kill a cricket, because crickets bring luck to a house, but eat holes in the worsted stockings of those who destroy them. I may know, too, that if I kill a beetle it is sure to rain; that I must not let a feather-bed be turned on Sunday if I wish to keep my luck; that sneezing on Monday hastens anger, but that if I sneeze on Sunday morning fasting, I shall enjoy my own true love to everlasting. To dream about that lady, I must stick nine pins into the bladebone of a rabbit and put them under my pillow. So there arise now marvels concerning courtship:

If an unmarried person happens to be placed at dinner between man and wife, that promises marriage within the year. When you first see the moon in the new year, take off one stocking and run to a stile, there you will find, tucked under your great toe, a hair of the same color as your lover's. The first egg laid by a pullet is the luckiest thing a man can present to his sweet-heart. Men must never go courting on Friday. In some Lancashire villages they pursue home with poker and tongs and tin-kettle music whoever breaks this rule. If the fire burns brightly when it is poked, the absent lover is in good spirits. Persons about to marry, when they meet a male acquaintance, are desired to rub their elbows. When a newly-married couple first come home, bring in a hen and make it cackle. A maiden who desires to know which of her lovers really care for her, names each as she throws an apple pip into the fire; if the pip cracks, the love is hearty. A girl shelling pease, when she finds a peas-cod with nine pease in it, must lay it on the threshold of the kitchen door: the first bachelor who crosses it will love her. Two people on the point of being married should first loosen all the knots and ties about their clothes and afterward proceed to fasten them again privately. Be sure when you get married that you don't go in at one door and out at the other. Whichever sleeps first on the marriage night will be the first to die. So there arise now marvels concerning death:

A wild bee, that is a bumble-bee, entering a room, gives warning of death. So does the crowing of a hen, so does the squeaking of a mouse behind the bed of a sick person. If the door of a hearse be closed before the mourners are all in the coaches there will be another death in the family. If a cow breaks into your garden there will be death in your house within six months. The gentleman who sends note of this superstition adds the singular fact that it was made known to him by the breaking of three cows into his own garden, when an old house servant grieved that there would be three deaths in the family within six months—and there were. The third was that of a son-in-law, into whose garden, also, a cow broke some weeks before he died. Nobody can die on a bed in which there are any pigeon or game feathers. This is a wide-spread belief, easily confirmed to the ignorant by proofs like the following, which were adduced by a Sussex laborer against a skeptic: "Look at poor Muster S——, how hard he were a dying; poor soul, he could not die ony way, till neighbor Puttick found out how it wer. 'Muster S——,' says he, 'ye be lying on geame feathers, mon, surely;' and so he wer. So we took'n out o' bed and laid'n on the floore, and he pretty soon died then!" The last thing a man longs to eat seems to be pigeon. A very respectable farmer's wife being applied to for some pigeons which a sick man fancied he could eat, said, "Ah! poor fellow, is he so far gone? A pigeon is generally almost the last thing they want. I have supplied many a one for the like purpose." If a pigeon is seen sitting on a tree, or enters a house, or from being wild grows tame, that is a sign of death. If any bird flies into a room and out again by an open window, that is a sign of death among the inmates of the house. The soul may be seen going out as a steam or a blue vapor about five minutes after death. Then every lock in the house, of boxes as well as of doors, should be unfastened. It used to be thought that the first pains of purgatory were inflicted by the squeezing of the soul between the hinges, and that leaving doors and lids unlocked and open caused to the departing a free, painless escape. The lingering look of a mother's love upon a dying child prevents the fleeting of its soul, and the child struggles in vain to die till the compassionate eyes of the mother are averted.

That is an eye of holiness; but there is also the evil eye, which causes death. An old woman had a rosary of lucky stones—that is to say, of stones with holes in them—hung up in her cottage. She owned unwillingly to a friendly lady that it was meant for protection against the evil eye. "Why, Nanny," said the lady, "you surely don't believe in witches nowadays?" "No, I don't say 'at I do; but certainly i' former times there *was* wizards and buzzards, and them sort o' things!" "Well," answered the lady, laughing, "but you surely don't think there are any now?" "No, I don't say 'at ther' are; but I do believe in a yevil eye!" As to the old lady's buzzards, there is a story in Yorkshire of an ignorant person being asked if he ever said his prayers, who repeated them as follows:

"From witches and wizards and long-tailed buzzards,
And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms,
Good Lord deliver us!"

Then again there are to be remembered, as part of the popular faith of the ignorant, the legends still attached to rocks, and streams, and churches. Breedon church, in Lincolnshire, stands alone on the top of a high hill, with the village at its foot. They began building it within the village till they changed the site, because every night the stones laid during the day were carried up to the hill-top by doves. The site and name of Winwick church was decided by a pig who every night came crying wee-wick! wee-wick! and carried the stones in his mouth from the wrong place selected to the ground hallowed by St. Oswald's death. The devil built the bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, and the picturesque stones in the stream below are those which he was carrying in his apron when its string broke. At Peel, in the Isle of Man, a witch with a basin of water said once that the herring fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since on the barrel's track, and to this day you may "see the mark all down." The Welsh peasant hears spirit-hounds, the Cron Annwn, when the storm sounds over the mountains. Sometimes swelling like the bay of a blood-hound, the nearer they are to a man the less their voice, and the further the louder. The shriek of the Cyoeraeth is often heard. She is the hag of the mist, who sits in the mountain fog, with torn disheveled hair, lank arms and claws, long black teeth in her corpse-like face, and leathery bat's-wings. Her name means cold grief, and her wail freezes the blood of those who hear it. Sometimes she flaps her wings against the window-pane, and means the name of one within who has been marked for death. It is this hag who cuts the torrent beds by dropping, when she is about to settle on a mountain, the huge stones she carries in her cloak as ballast when she flies. In some parts of South Wales this hag has no sway, but it is Brenhin Llwyd, the gray king, who sits ever silent in the mist. There is a Welsh fairy, the Pwcca, that is seen constantly upon the moor in the form of a handful of loose dried grass rolling before the wind. Even upon a wisp of dead grass will the fancy be set rolling. Miss Costello tells a Pyrenean legend which detects the spirit of the Lord of Orthez in two straws moving on the floor.

The fancy must and will work. The whole world is full of wonders that reveal the divine glory and goodness. Life is full of strange problems, of entanglements of love and enmity, of days of mirth and weeping, that engross attention from all powers of the mind and soul. While we are ignorant we link religion to such fanciful opinions as those of which a handful has been shaken out on this leaf of paper. Teach folks a little better; let their fancy, thriving upon diet wholesome and abundant, be the steady helper to them, that it may add its quickening influence to their pleasure and their work here, and become their hope for the hereafter. Superstition will soon vanish. All that is poetry in folk-lore may abide while there is literature in our country. As superstition, it degrades: as poetry, it raises us. For,

Shakspeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors drest the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted and aghast,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gloomy pageant passed.

But it is not worth while to drag a dying man out of his bed because we fancy he is lying upon game feathers, or to go into a church at midnight and steal a minute cutting of lead from each diamond pane of its windows, that we may make of such cuttings a heart of lead for cure of sickness. There is too much of the heart of lead, too little of the golden heart that brings men health, in such credulity.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XXV.

SPEECH is the familiar vent of human thoughts. But there are emotions so simple and overpowering that they rush out, not in words, but in eloquent sounds. At such moments man seems to lose his characteristics, and to be merely one of the higher animals; for these when greatly agitated ejaculate, though they can not speak.

There was something terrible and truly animal both in the roar of triumph with which the pursuers burst out of the thicket on our fugitives, and in the sharp cry of terror with which these latter darted away. The pursuers' hands clutched the empty air, scarce two feet behind them, as they fled for life. Confused for a moment, like lions that miss their spring, Dierich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they flew after, with uplifted weapons. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the trio this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dierich Brower. But I think I understand it. When three run in company the pace is that of the slowest of the three. From Peter's house to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace; but now he ran his own; for the mule was fleet, and could have left them all far behind. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly between the hunted ones and the hunters. Then Dierich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards; but in a few seconds Gerard had stolen them quickly back. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his face lighted up. "Courage, Gerard! courage, brave lad! they are straggling."

It was so. Dierich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long; and here youth, and grit, and honest living told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top Dierich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough," he gasped. "Take him dead, if you can't alive!" and he left off running, and followed at a foot's pace. Jorian Ketel tailed off next; and then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a stand-still, except one, who kept on stanch as a blood-hound, though losing ground every minute. His name, if I am not mistaken, was Eric Wouverman. Followed by this one, they came to a rise in the wood, shorter, but much steeper than the last.

"Hand on mane!" cried Martin.

Gerard obeyed, and the mule helped him up the hill faster even than he was running before.

At the sight of this manœuvre Dierich's man lost heart, and, being now full eighty yards behind Gerard, and rather more than that in advance of his nearest comrade, he pulled up short, and in obedience to Dierich's order, took down his cross-bow, leveled it deliberately, and just as the trio were sinking out of sight over the crest of the hill, sent the bolt whizzing among them.

There was a cry of dismay; and next moment, as if a thunder-bolt had fallen on them, they were all lying on the ground, mule and all.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE effect was so sudden and magical that the shooter himself was stupefied for a moment. Then he hailed his companions to join him in effecting the capture, and himself set off up the hill: when up rose the figure of Martin Wittenhaagen with a bent bow in his hand. Eric Wouverman no sooner saw him in this attitude than he darted behind a tree, and made himself as small as possible. Martin's skill with that weapon was well known, and the slain dog was a keen reminder of it.

Wouverman peered round the bark cautiously: there was the arrow's point still aimed at him. He saw it shine. He dared not move from his shelter.

When he had been at peep-bo some minutes his companions came up, and then, with a scornful laugh, Martin vanished, and presently was heard to ride off on the mule.

All the men ran up together. The high ground commanded a view of a narrow but almost interminable glade.

They saw Gerard and Margaret running along at a prodigious distance; they looked like gnats; and Martin galloping after them *ventre à terre*.

The hunters were outwitted as well as outrun. A few words will explain Martin's conduct. We arrive at causes by noting coincidences; yet, now and then, coincidences are deceitful. As we have all seen a hare tumble over a brier just as the gun went off, and so raise expectations, then dash them to earth by scudding away untouched, so the Burgomaster's mule put her foot in a rabbit-hole, at or about the time the cross-bow bolt whizzed innocuous over her head; she fell, and threw both her riders. Gerard caught Margaret, but was carried down by her weight and impetus. Thus in a moment the soil was strewed with dramatis personæ.

The docile mule was up again directly, and stood trembling. Martin was next, and looking round, found out there was but one in pursuit; on this, he made the young lovers fly on foot, while he checked the enemy as I have recorded.

He now galloped after his companions, and when, after a long race, he caught them, he instantly put Gerard and Margaret on the mule, and ran by their side till his breath failed, then took his turn to ride, and so in rotation. Thus the runner was always fresh, and long ere they relaxed their speed all sound and trace of them was hopelessly lost to Dierich and his men. These latter went, crestfallen, back to look after their chief.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE and liberty, while safe, are little thought of: for why? they are matters of course. Endangered, they are rated at their real value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but toward evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feebler then; but gloom lies beside it and reveals its fire. Thus Gerard and Margaret, though they started at every leaf that rustled louder than its fellows, glowed all over with joy and thankfulness as they glided among the friendly trees in safety and deep tranquil silence, baying dogs and brutal voices yet ringing in their minds' ears.

But presently Gerard found stains of blood on Margaret's ankles.

"Oh, Martin! Martin! help! they have wounded her: the cross-bow!"

"No, no!" said Margaret, smiling to reassure him. "I am not wounded nor hurt at all."

"But what is it, then, in Heaven's name?" cried Gerard, in great agitation.

"Do not scold me, then!" and Margaret blushed.

"Did I ever scold you?"

"No, dear Gerard. Well, then, Martin said it was blood those cruel dogs followed; so I thought if I could but have a little blood on my shoon the dogs would follow me instead, and let my Gerard win free. So I scratched my arm with Martin's knife—forgive me! Whose else could I take? Yours, Gerard? Ah, no. You forgive me?"

"Let me see this scratch first," said Gerard, choking with emotion. "There, I thought so. A scratch? I call it a cut—a deep, terrible, cruel cut."

Gerard shuddered at sight of it.

"She might have done it with her bodkin," said the soldier. "Milksop! that sickens at sight of a scratch and a little blood."

"No, no. I could look on a sea of blood, but not on hers. Oh, Margaret! how could you be so cruel?"

Margaret smiled with love ineffable. "Foolish Gerard," murmured she, "to make so much of nothing." And she flung the guilty arm round his neck. "As if I would not give all the blood in my heart for you, let alone a few drops from my arm." And the next moment, under the sense of his recent danger, she wept on his neck for pity and love; and he wept with her.

"And I must part from her," he sobbed; "we two that love so dear—one must be in Holland, one in Italy. Ah me! ah me! ah me!"

At this Margaret wept afresh, but patiently and silently. Instinct is never off its guard, and with her unselfishness was an instinct. To utter her present thoughts would be to add to Gerard's misery at parting, so she wept in silence.

Suddenly they emerged upon a beaten path, and Martin stopped.

"This is the bridle-road I spoke of," said he, gravely, "and there away lies the hostelry."

Margaret and Gerard cast a scared look at one another.

"Come a step with me, Martin," whispered Gerard. When he had drawn him aside he said to him, in a broken voice, "Oh, Martin! watch over her for me! She is my wife—yet I leave her. See, Martin! here is gold—it was for my journey; it is no use my asking her to take it—she would not; but you will for her, will you not? Oh, Heaven! and is this all I can do for her? Money? But poverty is a curse. You will not let her want for any thing, Martin? The Burgomaster's silver is enough for me."

"Thou art a good lad, Gerard. Neither want nor harm shall come to her. I care more for her little finger than for all the world. And were she naught to me, even for thy sake would I be a father to her. Go with a stout heart, and God be with thee going and coming." And the rough soldier rung Gerard's hand and turned his head away.

After a moment's silence he was for going back to Margaret; but Gerard stopped him. "No, good Martin: prithee, stay here behind this thicket while I—oh, Martin! Martin!"

By this means Gerard escaped a witness of his anguish at leaving her he loved, and Martin escaped a piteous sight, on which I myself would rather not dwell. He did not see the poor young things kneel and renew before Heaven those holy vows cruel men had interrupted. He did not see them cling together like one, and then try to part, and fail, and return to one another, and cling again, like drowning, despairing creatures. But he heard Gerard sob, and sob, and Margaret moan.

At last there was a wild cry, and feet pattered on the hard road.

He started up, and there was Gerard running wildly, with both hands clasped above his head, in prayer, and Margaret tottering toward him with palms extended piteously, as if for help, and ashy cheek, and eyes fixed on vacancy.

He caught her in his arms, and spoke words of comfort to her; but her mind could not take them in; only at the sound of his voice she held him tight and trembled violently.

He got her on the mule, and put his arm round her, and so, supporting her frame, which was now all relaxed and powerless, he took her slowly and sadly home.

She did not shed one tear nor speak one word.

At the edge of the wood he took her off the mule, and bade her go across to her father's house. She did as she was bid.

Martin to Rotterdam. Sevenbergen was too hot for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JORIAN KETEL came to Peter's house to claim Margaret's promise; but Margaret was ill in bed, and Peter, on hearing his errand, affronted him and warned him off the premises, and one or two that stood by were for ducking him; for both father and daughter were favorites, and the whole story was in every mouth, and the Sevenbergens in that state of hot, indiscriminating irritation, which accompanies popular sympathy.

So Jorian Ketel went off in dudgeon, and repented him of his good deed. This sort of penitence is not rare, and has the merit of being sincere. Dierich Brower, who was discovered at "The Three Kings," making a chatter-box drunk in order to worm out of him the whereabouts of Martin Wittenhaagen, was actually taken and flung into a horse-pond, and threatened with worse usage, should he ever show his face in the burgh again; and finally, municipal jealousy being roused, the Burgomaster of Sevenbergen sent a formal missive to the Burgomaster of Tergou, reminding him he had overstepped the law, and requesting him to apply to the authorities of Sevenbergen on any future occasion when he might have a complaint, real or imaginary, against any of the townsfolk.

The wily Ghysbrecht, suppressing his rage at this remonstrance, sent back a civil message to say that the person he had followed to Sevenbergen was a Tergovan, one Gerard, and that he had stolen the town records; that Gerard having escaped into foreign parts, and probably taken the documents with him, the whole matter was at an end; and that he should not think of molesting his friend Peter Brandt, now there was no longer any good to be gained by it.

Thus he made a virtue of necessity. But in reality his calmness was but a vail: baffled at Sevenbergen, he turned his views elsewhere. He set his emissaries to learn from the family at Tergou whither Gerard had fled, and to his infinite surprise he found they did not know. This added to his uneasiness. It made him fear Gerard was only lurking in the neighborhood: he would make a certain discovery, and would come back and take a terrible revenge. From this time Dierich and others that were about him noticed a change for the worse in Ghysbrecht Van Swieten. He became a moody, irritable man. A dread lay on him. His eyes were forever casting furtive glances like one who expects a blow, and knows not from what quarter it is to come. Making others wretched had not made him happy. It seldom does. The little family at Tergou, which but for his violent interference might in time have cemented its difference without banishing spem gregis to a distant land, wore still the same outward features, but within was no longer the simple happy family this tale opened with. Little Kate knew the share Cornelis and Sybrandt had had in banishing Gerard, and though, for fear of making more mischief still, she never told her mother, yet there were times she shuddered at the bare sight of them, and blushed at their hypocritical regrets: she could not help it. Catherine with a woman's vigilance noticed this, and with a woman's subtlety said nothing, but quietly pondered it, and went on watching for more. The black sheep themselves, in their efforts to partake in the general gloom and sorrow, succeeded so far as to impose upon their father and Giles: but the demure satisfaction that lay at the bottom of them could not escape these feminine eyes,

That, noting all, seem'd naught to note.

Thus mistrust and suspicion sat at the table, poor substitutes for Gerard's intelligent face, that had brightened the whole circle, unobserved till now. As for the old hosier, his pride had been wounded by his son's disobedience, and so he bore stiffly up, and did his best never to mention Gerard's name; but underneath his Spartan cloak Nature might often be seen tugging at his heart-strings. One anxiety he never affected to conceal. "If I but knew where the boy is, and that his life and health are in no danger, small would be my care," would he say; and then a deep sigh would follow. (I can't help thinking that if Gerard had opened the door just then, and walked in, there would have been many tears and embraces for him, and few reproaches, or none.)

One thing took the old couple quite by surprise—publicity. Ere Gerard had been gone a week, his adventures were in every mouth; and, to make matters worse, the popular sympathy declared itself warmly on the side of the lovers, and against Gerard's cruel parents, and that old busy-body the Burgomaster, "who must put his nose into a business that nowise concerned him."

One feeling in Catherine's mind was bitterly strong, and deprived an unfortunate young creature of a sympathy that she lay longing for, though not daring to hope for it.

"Mother," said Kate, "it is all over the town that Margaret is down with a fever—a burning fever; her father fears her sadly."

"Margaret? what Margaret?" inquired Catherine, with a treacherous assumption of calmness and indifference.

"Oh, mother! whom should I mean? Why Gerard's Margaret."

"Gerard's Margaret!" screamed Catherine; "how dare you say such a word to me? And I rede you never mention that hussy's name in this house, that she has laid bare. She is the ruin of my poor boy: the flower of all my flock. She is the cause that he is not a holy priest in the midst of us, but is roaming the world, and that I am a desolate, broken-hearted mother. There, do not cry, my girl, I do ill to speak harsh to you. But oh, Kate! you don't know what passes in a mother's heart. I bear up before you all; it behooves me swallow my fears: but at night I see him in my dreams, and always some trouble or other near him: sometimes I see him torn by wild beasts; sometimes he is in the hands of robbers, and their cruel knives uplifted to strike his poor pale face, that one would think would move a stone. Oh! when I think that while I sit here in comfort, perhaps my poor boy lies dead in some savage place: and all along of that girl: there, her very name is ratsbane to me. I tremble all over when I hear it."

"I'll not say any thing, nor do any thing to grieve you worse, mother," said Kate, tenderly; but she sighed.

She whose name was so fiercely interdicted in this house was much spoken of, and even pitied, elsewhere. All Sevenbergen was sorry for her, and the young men and maidens cast many a pitying glance, as they passed, at the little window where the beauty of the village lay dying for love. In this familiar phrase they underrated her spirit and unselfishness. Gerard was not dead, and she was too loyal herself to doubt his constancy. Her father was dear to her and helpless; and, but for bodily weakness, all her love for Gerard would not have kept her from doing her duties, though she might have gone about them with drooping head and heavy heart. But physical and mental excitement had brought on an attack of fever so violent that nothing but youth and constitution saved

her. The malady left her at last, but in that terrible state of bodily weakness in which the patient feels life a burden.

Then it is that love and friendship by the bedside are mortal angels, with comfort in their voices and healing in their palms.

But this poor girl had to come back to life and vigor how she could. Many days she lay alone, and the heavy hours rolled like leaden waves over her. In her enfeebled state existence seemed a burden, and life a thing gone by. She could not try to get well. Gerard was gone. She had not him to get well for. Often she lay for hours quite still, with the tears welling gently out of her eyes.

But one day waking from an uneasy slumber she found two women in her room. One was a servant; the other, by the deep fur on her collar and sleeves, was a person of consideration; a narrow band of silvery hair being spared by her coiffure, showed her to be past the age when women of sense conceal their years. The looks of both were kind and friendly. Margaret tried to raise herself in the bed, but the old lady placed a hand very gently on her.

"Lie still, sweet-heart; we come not here to put you about, but to comfort you, God willing. Now cheer up a bit, and tell us, first, who think you we are?"

"Nay, madam, I know you, though I never saw you before: you are the demoiselle Van Eyck, and this is Richt Heynes. Gerard has often spoken of you, and of your goodness to him. Madam, he has no friend like you near him now," and she lay back, and the tears welled out of her eyes.

The good-natured Richt Heynes began to cry for company; but her mistress scolded her. "Well, you are a pretty one for a sick-room!" said she: and she put out a world of innocent art to cheer the patient: and not without some little success. An old woman that has seen life and all its troubles is a sovereign blessing by a sorrowful young woman's side. She knows what to say, and what to avoid. She knows how to soothe her and interest her. Ere she had been there an hour she had Margaret's head lying on her shoulder instead of on the pillow, and Margaret's soft eyes dwelling on her with gentle gratitude.

"Ah! this is hair," said the old lady, running her fingers through it. "Come and look at it, Richt!"

Richt came and handled it, and praised it unaffectedly. The poor child that owned it was not quite out of the reach of flattery (owing, no doubt, to her not being dead).

"In sooth, madam, I did use to think it hideous; but *he* praised it, and ever since then I have been almost vain of it, God forgive me. You know how foolish those are that love."

"They are greater fools that don't," said the old lady, sharply.

Margaret opened her lovely eyes, and looked at her for her meaning.

This was only the first of many visits. In fact either Margaret Van Eyck or Richt came nearly every day until their patient was convalescent: and she improved rapidly under their hands. Richt attributed this principally to certain nourishing dishes she prepared in Peter's kitchen: but Margaret herself thought more of the kind words and eyes that kept telling her she had friends to live for. Her gratitude to her old friend was ardent and touching, and there was no mistaking its depth and sincerity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Martin Wittenhaagen went straight to Rotterdam, to take the bull by the horns. The bull in question was Philip the Good, duke of this, earl of that, lord of the other. Arrived at Rotterdam, he found the court was at Ghent. To Ghent he went, and sought an audience, but was put off and baffled by lackeys and pages. So he threw himself in his sovereign's way out hunting, and, contrary to all court precedents, commenced the conversation—by roaring lustily for mercy.

"Why, where is the peril, man?" said the duke, looking all round, and laughing.

"Grace for an old soldier hunted down by burghers!"

Now kings differ in character like other folk; but there is one trait they have in common: they are mightily inclined to be affable to men of very low estate indeed. These do not vie with them in any thing whatever, so jealousy can not creep in; and they amuse them by their bluntness and novelty, and refresh them with a touch of nature—a rarity in courts. So Philip the Good reined in his horse and gave Martin almost a *tête-à-tête*, and Martin reminded him of a certain battle-field where he had received an arrow intended for his sovereign. The Duke remembered the incident perfectly, and was graciously pleased to take a cheerful view of it. He could afford to. Then Martin told his sovereign of Gerard's first capture in the church, his imprisonment in the tower, and the manœuvre by which they got him out, and all the details of the hunt; and, whether he told it better than I have, or that the Duke had not heard so many good stories as you have, certain it is the Duke got so excited that, when a number of courtiers came galloping up and interrupted Martin, he swore like a costermonger, and threatened, only half in jest, to cut off the next head that should come between him and a good story: and when Martin had done, he said,

"St. Luke! what sport goeth on in this mine earldom—ay! in my own woods, and I see it not. You fellows have all the luck." And he was indignant at the partiality of Fortune. "Lo you now! this was a man-hunt!" said he. "*I* never had the luck to be at a man-hunt."

"My luck was none so great," replied Martin, bluntly; "I was on the wrong side of the dogs' noses."

"Ah! so you were: I forgot that." And royalty was almost reconciled to its lot. "What would you then?"

"A free pardon, your highness, for myself and Gerard."

"For what?"

"For prison-breaking."

"Go to: the bird will fly from the cage. 'Tis instinct. Besides, coop a young man up for loving a young woman? These burgomasters must be void of common sense. What else?"

"For striking down the Burgomaster."

"Oh! the hunted boar will turn to bay. 'Tis his right, and I hold him less than man that grudges it him. What else?"

"For killing of the blood-hounds."

The Duke's countenance fell.

"'Twas their life or mine," said Martin, eagerly.

"Ay! but I can't have my blood-hounds, my beautiful blood-hounds, sacrificed to—"

"No, no, no! They were not your dogs."

"Whose, then?"

"The ranger's."

"Oh. Well, I am very sorry for him; but, as I was saying, I can't have my old soldiers sacrificed to his blood-hounds. Thou shalt have thy free pardon."

"And poor Gerard?"

"And poor Gerard, too, for thy sake. And more: tell thou this Burgomaster his doings mislike me; this is to set up for a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or by St. Jude I'll hang him before his own door, as I hanged the Burgomaster of what's the name, some town or other in Flanders it was; no, 'twas somewhere in Brabant—no matter—I hanged him; I remember that much—for oppressing poor folk."

The Duke then beckoned his chancellor, a pursy old fellow that sat his horse like a sack, and bade him write out a free pardon for Martin and one Gerard.

This precious document was drawn up in form and signed next day, and Martin hastened home with it.

Margaret had left her bed some days, and was sitting pale and pensive by the fireside, when he burst in, waving the parchment, and crying, "A free pardon, girl, for Gerard as well as me! Send for him back when you will; all the burgomasters on earth daren't lay a finger on him."

She flushed all over with joy, and her hands trembled with eagerness as she took the parchment, and devoured it with her eyes, and kissed it again and again, and flung her arms round Martin's neck and kissed *him*. When she was calmer she told him Heaven had raised her up a friend in the dame Van Eyck. "And I would fain consult her on this good news; but I have not strength to walk so far."

"What need to walk? There is my mule."

"Your mule, Martin?"

The old soldier, or professional pillager, laughed, and confessed he had got so used to her that he forgot at times Ghysbrecht had a prior claim. To-morrow he would turn her into the Burgomaster's yard, but to-night she should carry Margaret to Tergou.

It was nearly dusk; so Margaret ventured, and about seven in the evening she astonished and gladdened her new but ardent friend by arriving at her house—with unwonted roses on her cheeks, and Gerard's pardon in her bosom.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRINDSTONE.

Tellson's Bank, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard, and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles, in his own cook's dress, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the preparation of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having drawn his high wages, by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic, one and indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's house had been first sequestrated, and then confiscated. For, all things moved so fast, and decree followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now upon the third night of

the autumn month of September patriot emissaries of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For what would staid British responsibility and respectability have said to orange-trees in boxes in a Bank court-yard, and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling, in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often does) at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come of this young Pagan in Lombard Street, London, and also of a curtained alcove in the rear of the immortal boy, and also of a looking-glass let into the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who danced in public on the slightest provocation. Yet a French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well, and, as long as the times held together, no man had taken fright at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished; how many accounts with Tellson's, never be balanced in this world, must be carried over into the next; no man could have said that night any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. He sat by a newly-lighted wood fire (the blighted and unfruitful year was prematurely cold), and on his honest and courageous face there was a deeper shade than the pendant lamp could throw, or any object in the room distortedly reflect—a shade of horror.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the true-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the court-yard, under an open colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages—where, indeed, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone—a roughly-mounted thing, which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighboring smithy or other workshop. Rising and looking out of window at these harmless objects Mr. Lorry shivered and retired to his seat by the fire. He had opened, not only the glass window, but the lattice blind outside it, and he had closed both again, and he shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hand, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterward the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But there was no loud irruption into the court-yard as he had expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank which a great charge would naturally awaken with such feelings roused. It was well guarded within, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this!" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie!

Manette! What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her paleness and wildness, she panted out in his arms, imploringly, "Oh my dear friend! my husband!"

"Your husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here in Paris?"

"Has been here some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moment the bell of the great gate rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning toward the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the blind!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile,

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastile prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris? In France—who, knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastile, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought us through the barrier, and gained us news of Charles there, and brought us here. I knew it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I told Lucie so.—What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What prison is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose yourself now to do exactly as I bid you; for more depends upon it than you can think or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you can not possibly stir out. I say this because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not delay."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than this. I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into his room, and turned the key; then came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the blind, and put his hand upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the court-yard: not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had let them in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose as in a convenient and retired spot.

But such awful workers, and such awful work!

The grindstone had a double handle, and turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the revolutions of the grindstone brought their faces up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false mustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned, their matted locks now flung forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their necks, some women held wine to their mouths that they might drink; and what with dropping blood, and what with dropping wine, and what with the stream of sparks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and fire. The eye could not detect one creature in the group free from the smear of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone were men stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their limbs and bodies; men in all sorts of rags, with the stain upon those rags; men devilishly set off with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain dyeing those trifles through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all deep of the one color. And as the frantic wielders of these weapons snatched them from the stream of sparks and tore away into the streets, the same red hue was red in their frenzied eyes; eyes which any unbrutalized beholder would have given twenty years of life to petrify with a well-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are"—Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully round at the locked room—"murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened bareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the heart of the concourse at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastile prisoner! Help for the Bastile prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastile prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evrémonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterward, when he sat watching them in such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had by that time fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the pillow beside her pretty charge. Oh the long, long night, with the moans of the poor wife, and oh the long, long night, with no return of her father, and no tidings!

Twice more, in the darkness, the bell at the great gate sounded, and the irruption was repeated, and the grindstone whirled and spluttered. "What is it?" cried Lucie, affrighted. "Hush! The soldiers' swords are sharpened there," said Mr. Lorry. "The place is National property now, and used as a kind of armory, my love."

Twice more in all; but the last spell of work was feeble and fitful. Soon afterward the day began to dawn, and he softly detached himself from the clasping hand, and cautiously looked out again. A man, so besmeared that he might have been a sorely wounded soldier creeping back to consciousness on a field of slain, was rising from the pavement by the side of the grindstone, and looking about him with a vacant air. Shortly this worn-out murderer descried, in the imperfect light, one of the carriages of Monseigneur, and staggering to that gorgeous vehicle, climbed in at the door, and shut himself up to take his rest on its dainty cushions.

The great grindstone, Earth, had turned when Mr. Lorry looked out again, and the sun was red on the court-yard. But the lesser grindstone stood alone there in the calm morning air, with a red upon it that the sun had never given, and would never take away.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW.

ONE of the first considerations which arose in the business mind of Mr. Lorry, when business hours came round, was this: that he had no right to imperil Tellson's by sheltering the wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's hesitation; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first his mind reverted to Defarge, and he thought of finding out the wine-shop again, and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest dwelling-place in the distracted state of the city. But the same consideration that suggested him repudiated him: he lived in the most violent Quarter, and doubtless was influential there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Tellson's, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term in that Quarter near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if it were all well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street, where the closed blinds in all the other windows of a high, melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross—giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a door-way that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

"BUT SUCH AWFUL WORKERS, AND SUCH AWFUL WORK!"

It wore itself out, and wore him out with it, until the Bank closed. He was again alone in his room of the previous night, considering what to do next, when he heard a foot upon the stair. In a few moments a man stood in his presence, who, with a keenly observant look at him, addressed him by his name.

"Your servant," said Mr. Lorry. "Do you know me?"

He was a strongly made man, with dark, curling hair, from forty-five to fifty years of age. For answer he repeated, without any change of emphasis, the words,

"Do you know me?"

"I have seen you somewhere."

"Perhaps at my wine-shop?"

Much interested and agitated, Mr. Lorry said, "You come from Doctor Manette?"

"Yes. I come from Doctor Manette."

"And what says he? What does he send me?"

Defarge gave into his anxious hand an open scrap of paper. It bore the words, in the Doctor's writing,

"Charles is safe, but I can not safely leave this place yet. I have obtained the favor that the bearer has a short note from Charles to his wife. Let the bearer see his wife."

It was dated from La Force, within an hour.

"Will you accompany me," said Mr. Lorry, joyfully relieved after reading this note aloud, "to where his wife resides?"

"Yes," returned Defarge.

Scarcely noticing, as yet, in what a curiously reserved and mechanical way Defarge spoke, Mr. Lorry put on his hat and they went down into the court-yard. There they found two women; one, knitting.

"Madame Defarge, surely!" said Mr. Lorry, who had left her in exactly the same attitude some seventeen years ago.

"It is she," observed her husband.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes—that she may be able to recognize the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and led the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucy weeping, alone. She was thrown into a transport by the tidings Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that delivered his note—little thinking what it had been doing near him in the night, and might but for a chance have done to him.

"DEAREST,—Take courage. I am well, and your father has influence around me. You can not answer this. Kiss our child for me."

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action; but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with her hands yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the lifted eyebrows and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain, "there are frequent risings in the streets; and although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reassuring words, as the stony manner of all the three impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and knows no French."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner was not to be shaken by distress and danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance, whom her eyes first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope *you* are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British cough on Madame Defarge; but neither of the two took much heed of her.

"Is that his child?" said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child that her mother instinctively kneeled on the ground beside her, and held her to her breast. The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress,

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is the daughter of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake! She will put her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than of these others."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a sterner expression.

"What is it that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her alarmed eyes on her questioner and not on it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me, and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. Oh, sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the supplicant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance,

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much less, have not been greatly considered? We have known *their* husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough? All our lives we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression, and neglect of all kinds?"

"We nave seen nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went out. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankless, I hope," Lucie answered, in tears; "but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is this despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

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